

DYNAMIC COMICS

NEW
10¢

DYNAMIC
MAN

MAJOR
VICTORY

K-9

LADY
SATAN

DYNAMIC
BOY

LUCKY
COYNE

GREEN
KNIGHT

SERGEANT
BELL

PLUS-8
SPECIALS

FEATURING
DYNAMIC MAN
and
DYNAMIC BOY



JOHN W. HARTLEY
JOHN HARTLEY JR.

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION
WORLD'S
GREATEST
HEROES



**WEBCOMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

DYNAMIC COMICS

FEB
NO. 3
10¢

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"SPECIALS"

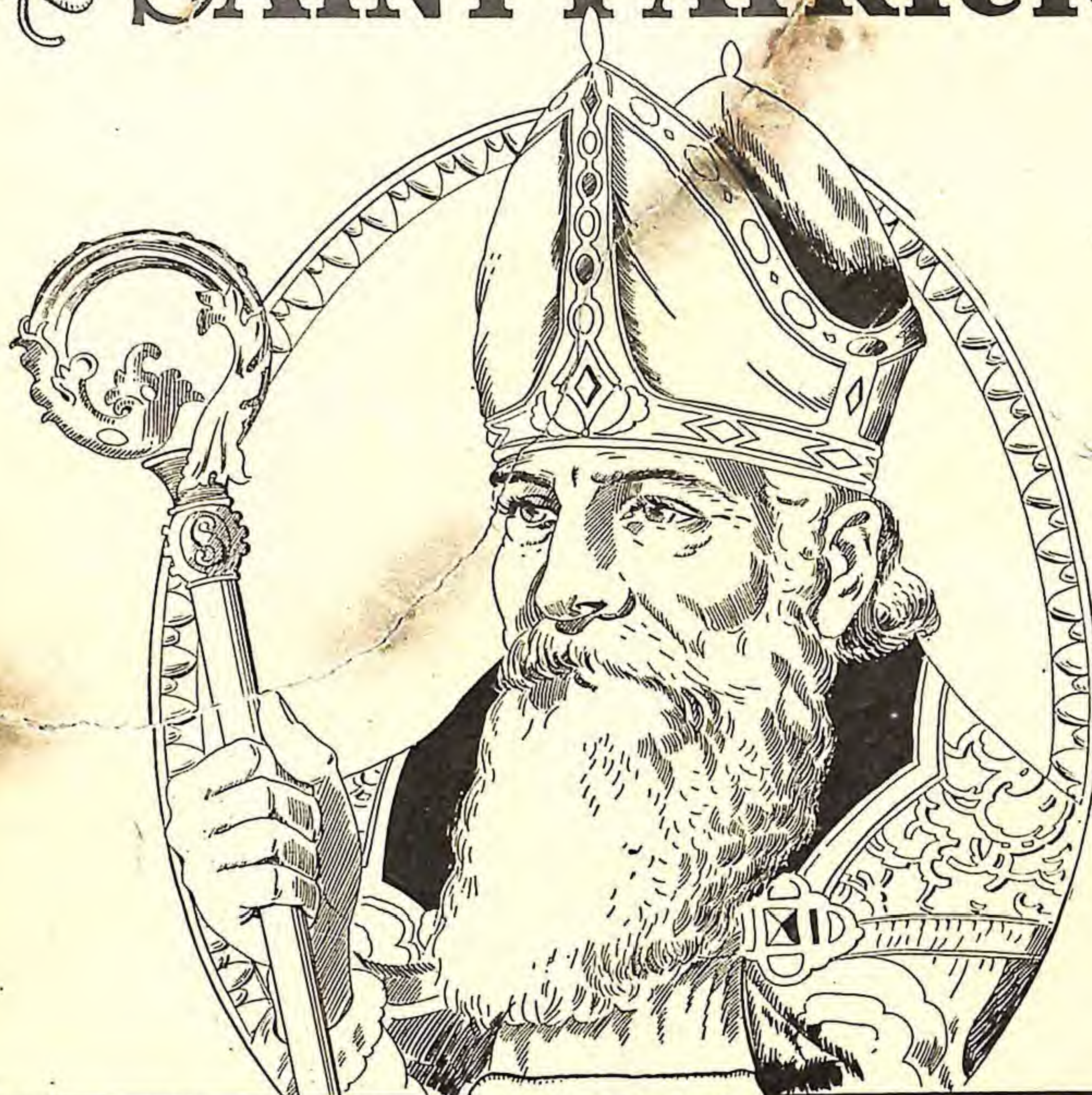
FEATURING
DYNAMIC MAN
and
DYNAMIC BOY

HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION.
**WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS**



SAINT PATRICK



**PATRON
SAINT
of
IRELAND.**



When a boy he was taken by pirates and sold to an Irish chief, who lived in the County Antrim. He escaped after ten years and went to France where he became a monk.



As a missionary he returned to Ireland, the land he loved. Here he founded over 300 churches, baptized 12,000 people and consecrated 450 bishops. He is said to have lived about 100 years.

DYNAMIC MAN



HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

THEY LOOKED LIKE HUMANS WHO NEEDED HELP AND SYMPATHY FROM ALL HUMANITY, BUT THEY ACTED LIKE DEMONS FROM HADES WHEN THE HELPING HAND WAS OFFERED. AMERICA MAY WELL THANK THE MIGHTY DYNAMIC MAN FOR THE PART HE PLAYED IN WHAT MIGHT WELL HAVE AFFECTED YOUR HOME AND MINE.

IN THE HEART OF A MINING TOWN IN THE U.S.A.

I HAVEN'T MUCH, BUT WILL GLADLY GIVE YOU SOMETHING, POOR WOMAN.

HA, HA, HA! SOON YOU WILL GIVE ME ALL!



IT IS A STRANGE GRATITUDE THAT THE HIDEOUS FIGURE SHOWS HER BENEFACTOR.

I'VE GOT THE RED PLAGUE, AND SOON YOU WILL HAVE IT!



THE TERRIBLE DISEASE IS PASSED TO ANOTHER VICTIM.

YOU HAVE TOUCHED ME, SOON YOU WILL BE HALF EATEN AWAY BY THE RED PLAGUE!



THAT'S A GOOD SHINE, HERE'S A DIME.



THANK YOU KINDLY, LET ME SHAKE YOUR HAND.



RICH AND POOR, YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE MEET THE LIVING DEATH.



GO HOME AND TELL YOUR FOLKS YOU HAVE EATEN CANDY-MADE BY THE SKIN TOUCHED WITH THE RED PLAGUE.

I LOVE CHILDREN.

THANK YOU, KIND LADY.



FRANTIC, WITH THE HORRIBLE NEWS THAT THEY WILL GET THE RED PLAGUE, A MOB OF PEOPLE STORM CITY HALL.



WE MUST DO SOMETHING. MY CHILD ATE THE CANDY FROM A WOMAN WITH THE RED PLAGUE.

I HAVE WIRED FOR THE BEST ADVICE POSSIBLE. I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO COPE WITH THIS DISEASE.

I'LL HAVE MY PAPER PUBLISH THE WORD THAT WE ARE DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE.

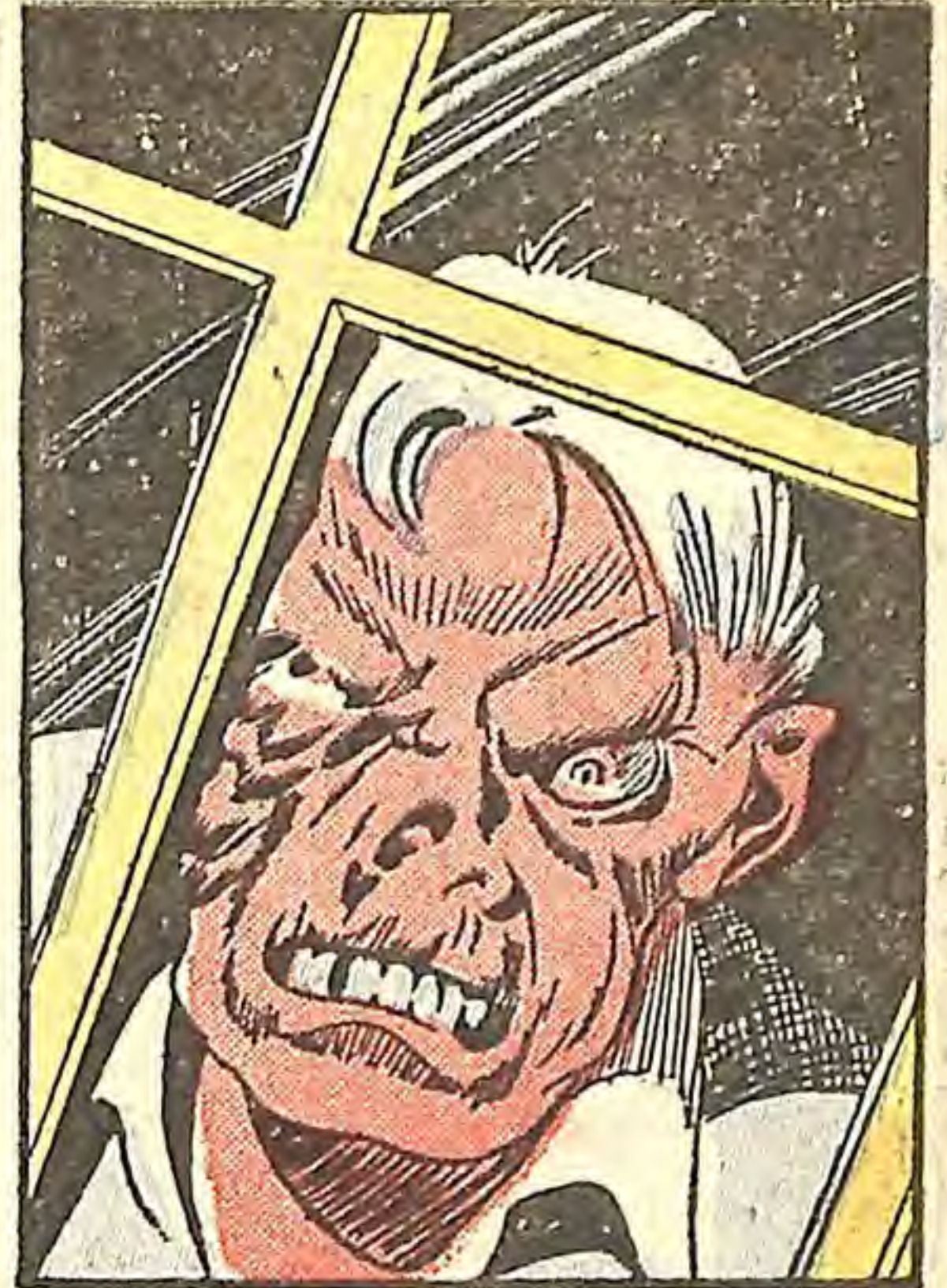


A DISTRACTED MAYOR FACES THE TERRIFIED CITIZENS WITH LITTLE HOPE.

PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES - WE WILL DO ALL IN OUR POWER TO FREE YOU FROM THIS MENACE.



WE MUST KEEP THE CHILDREN INSIDE THE HOUSE. OUR FAMILY IS FORTUNATE TO HAVE ESCAPED THE SCOURGE.



AND THROUGH OUT THE CITY THE TERRIBLE MENACE STRIKES AND STRIKES AGAIN.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE - THE SMOKE YOU BREATHE CARRIES THE SCOURGE. IT COMES FROM MY DRIED SKIN.



MEN THROW UP THEIR JOBS, DESERT THEIR HOMES TO FLEE THE CURSED SPOT.



A SILENT FIGURE FLASHES ACROSS THE SKY.



THE PEOPLE ARE FLEEING AND DESERTING THE CITY - SOMETHING DREADFUL MUST HAVE HAPPENED, I MUST FIND OUT!



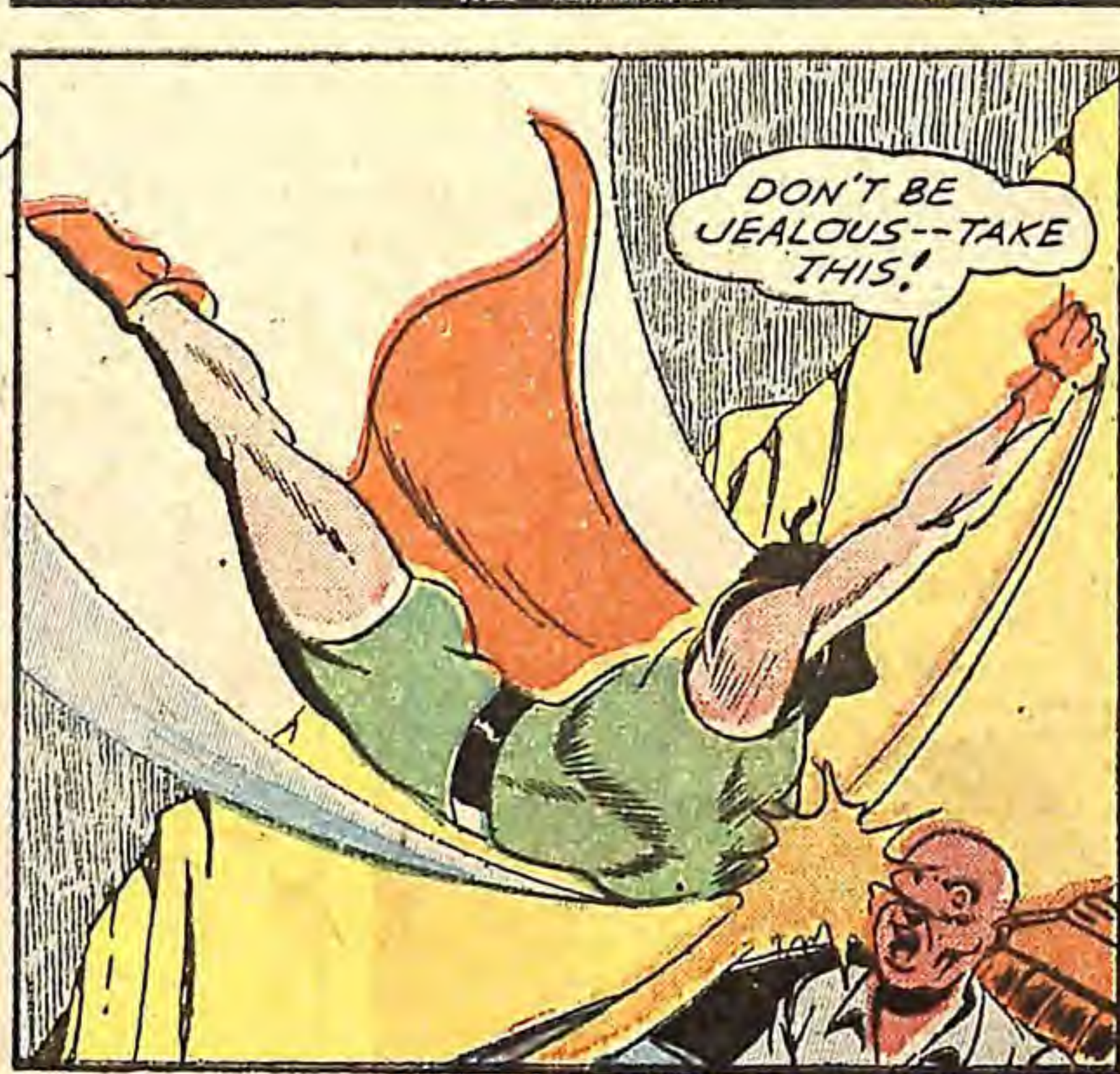
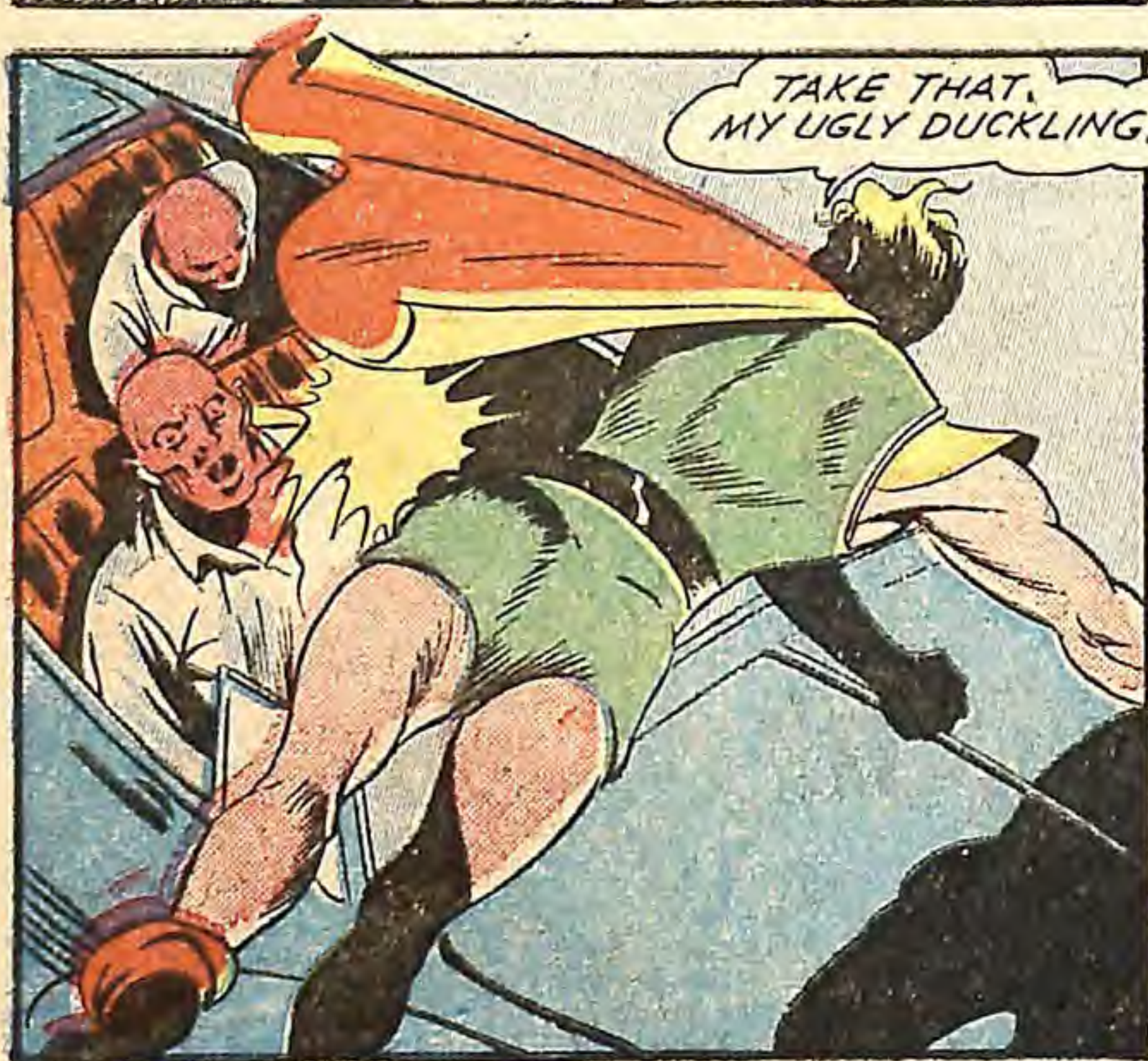
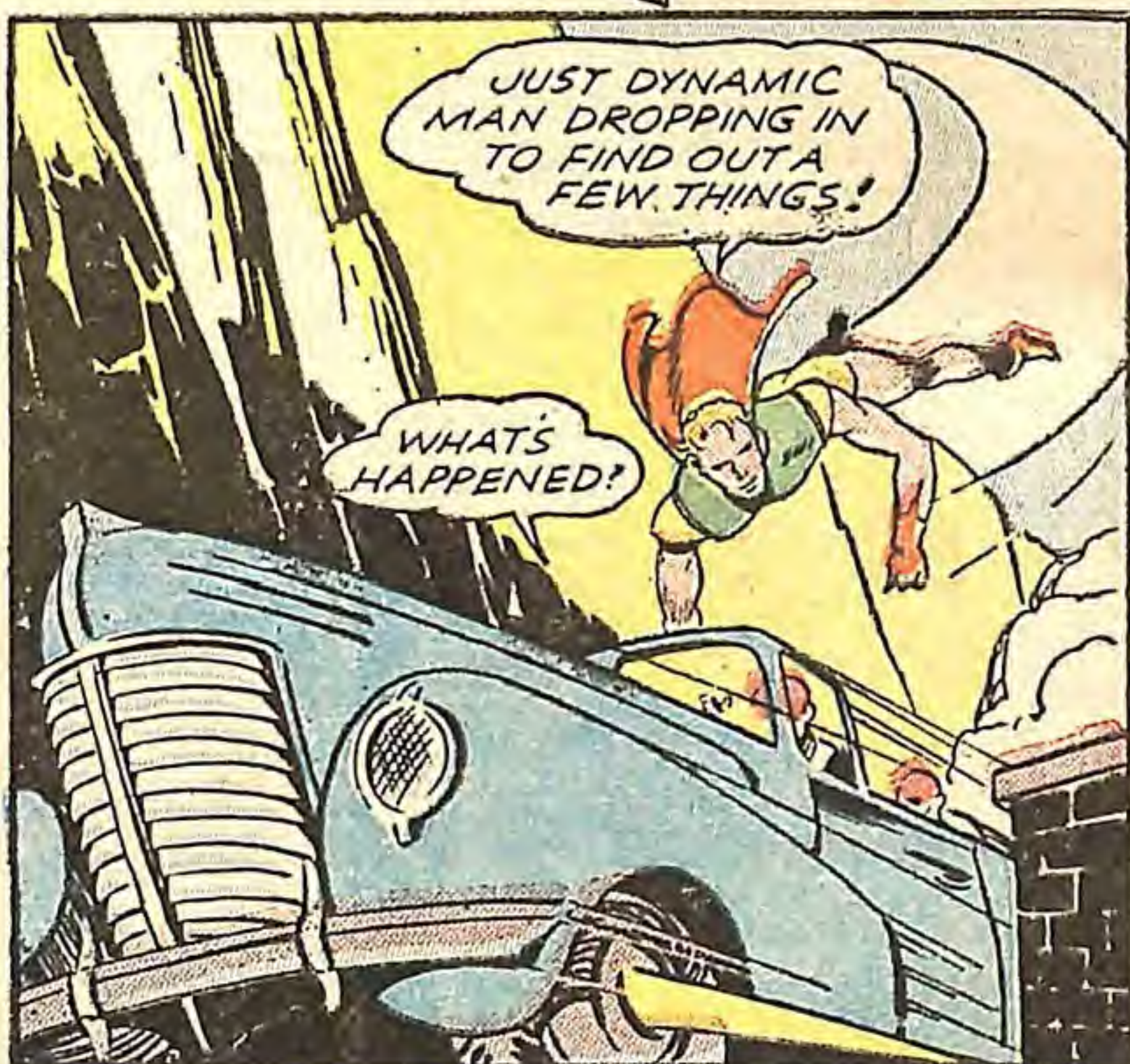
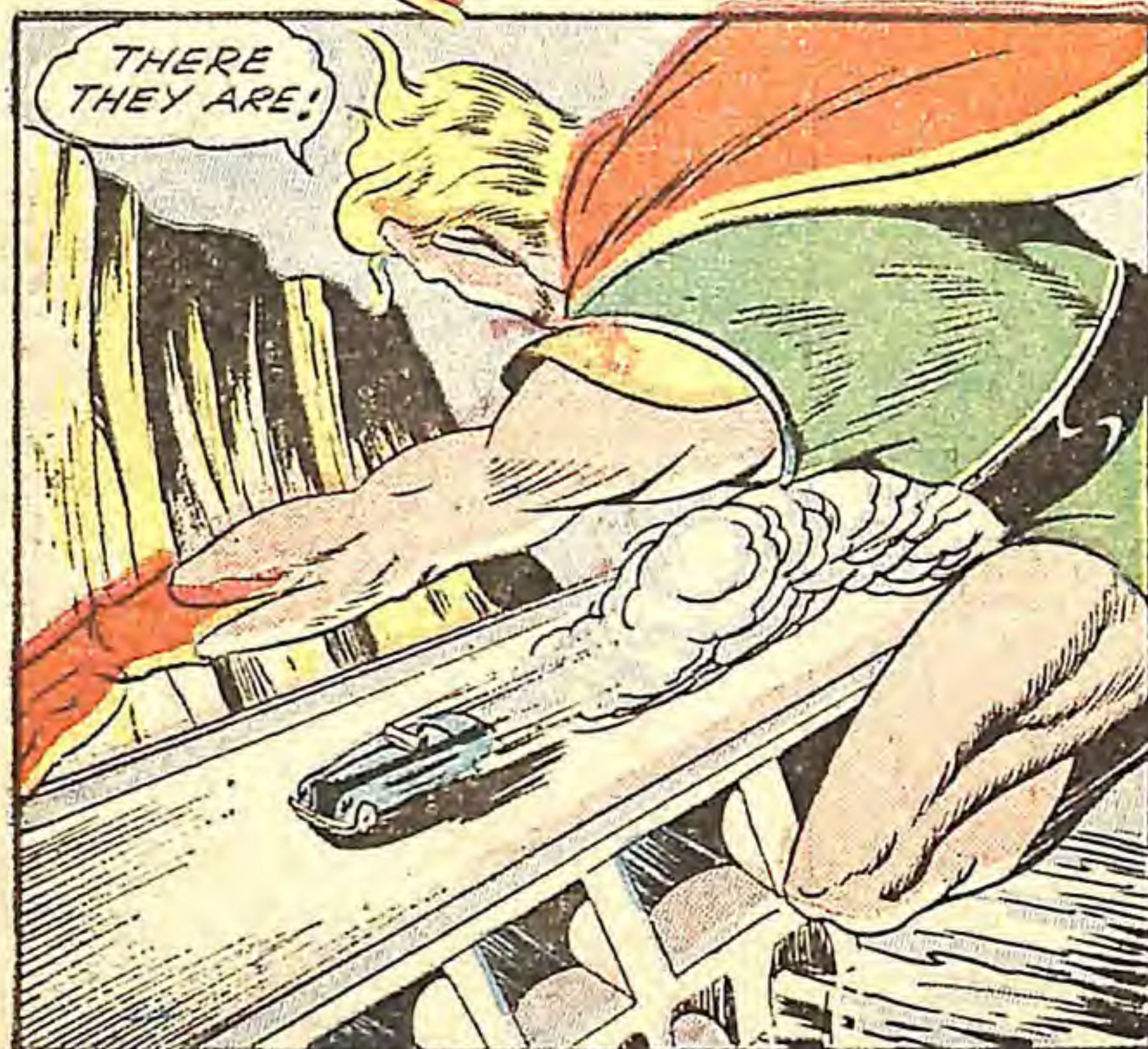
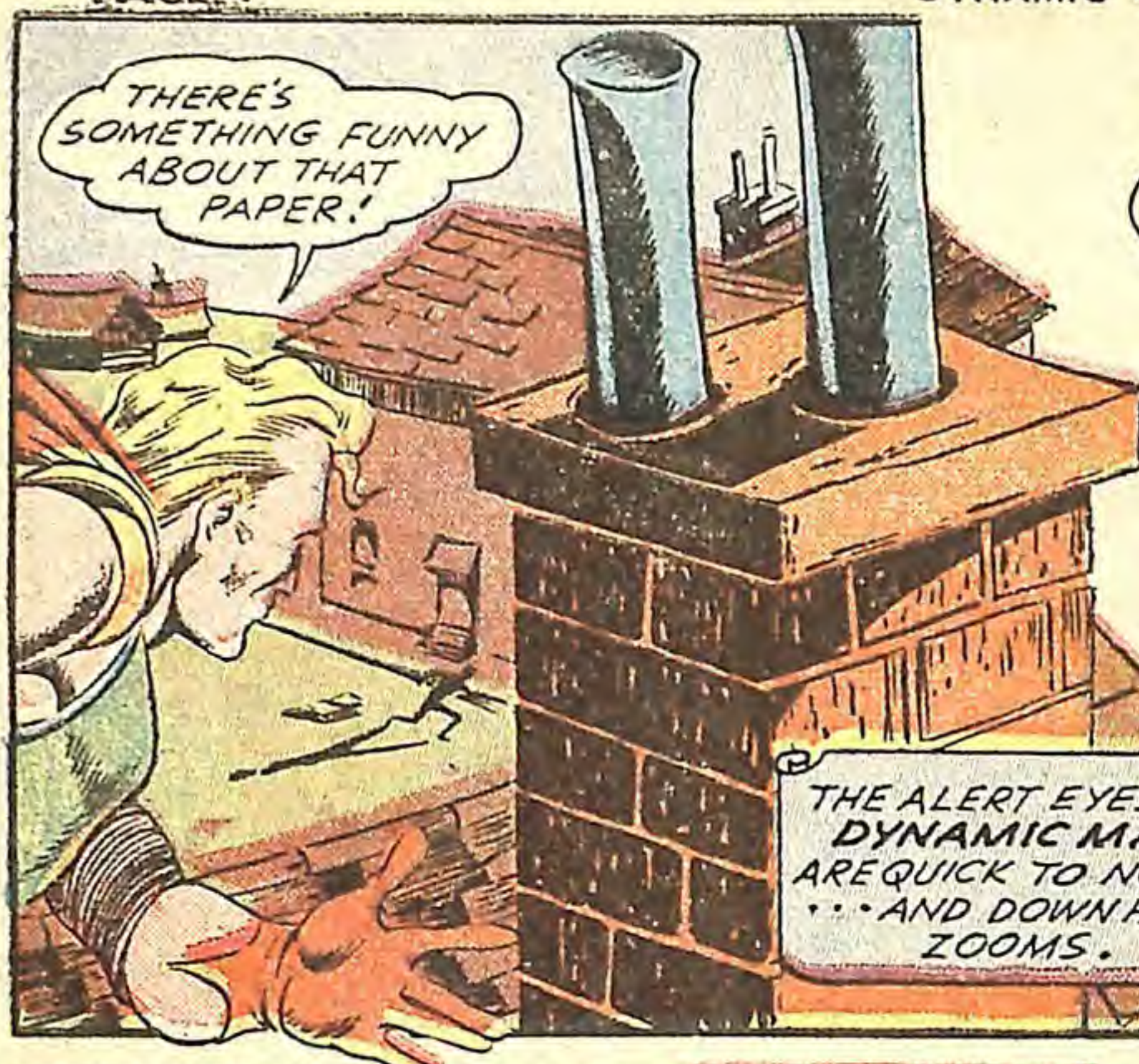
WHILE OTHERS FLEE, THE SPREAD OF DESTRUCTION CONTINUES

TOSS 'EM OUT SO THEY'LL BE PICKED UP AND READ.



AS A PASSERBY LIFTS ONE OF THE PAPERS



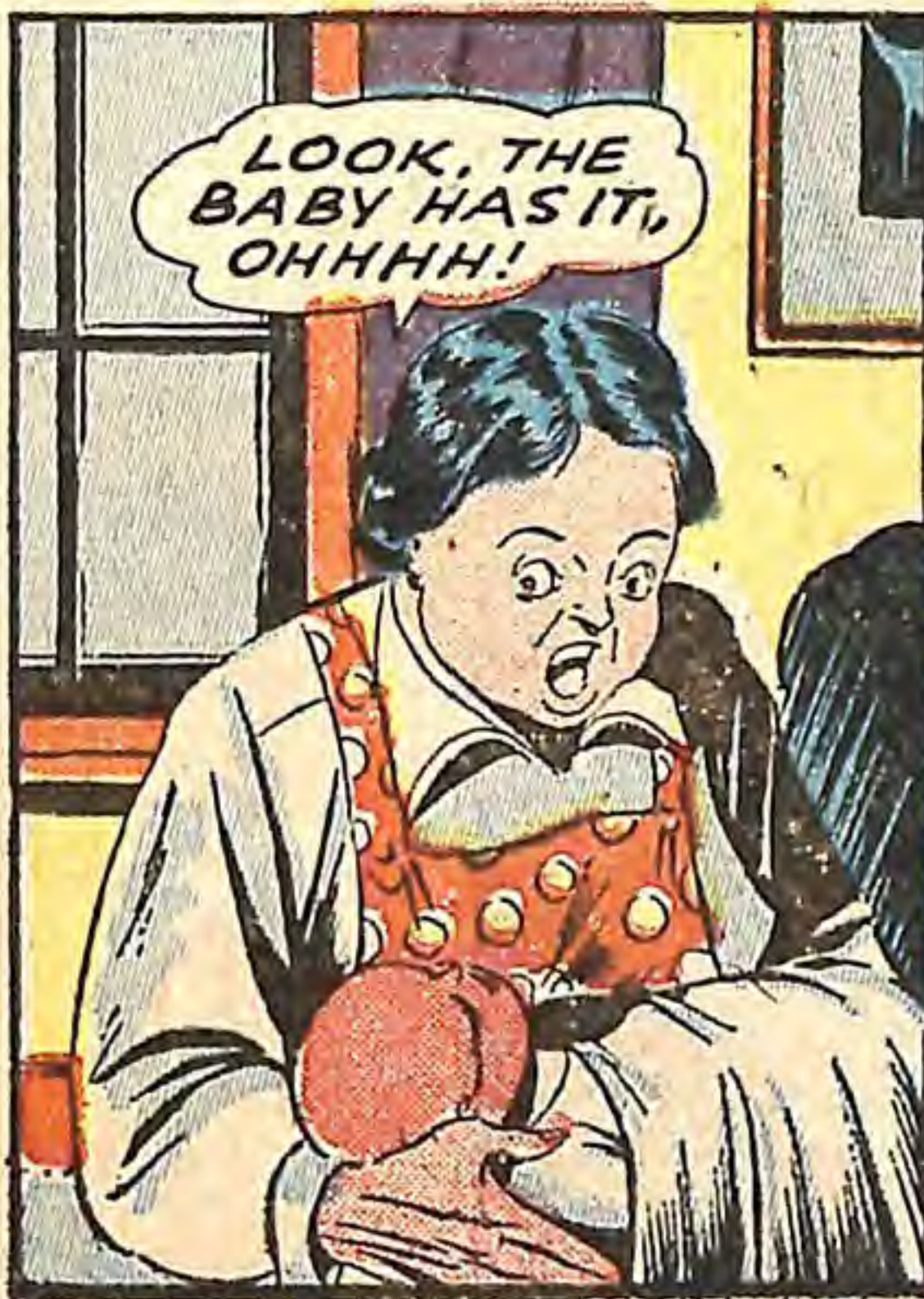
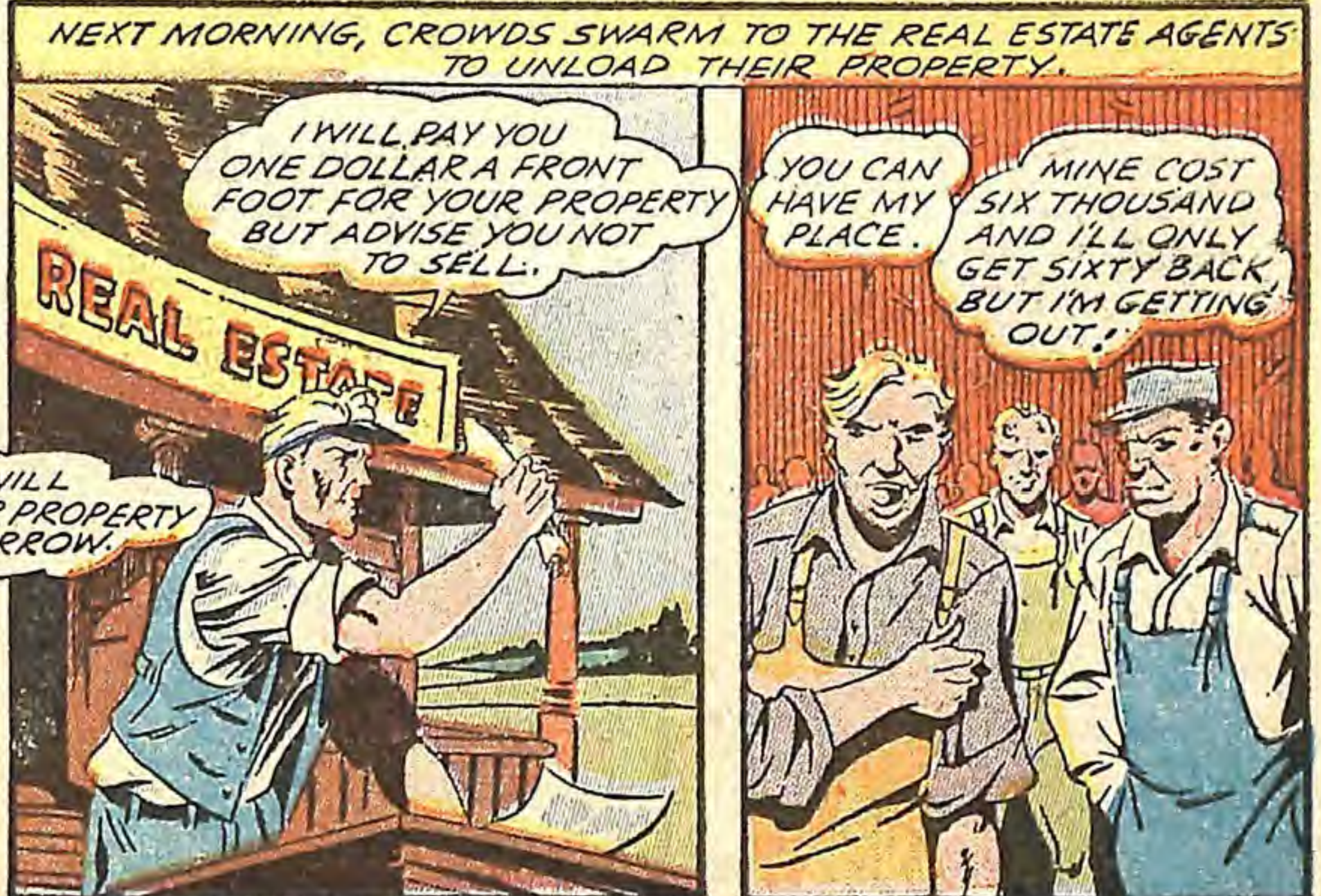




THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!



GET OUT OF HERE-- MEN!



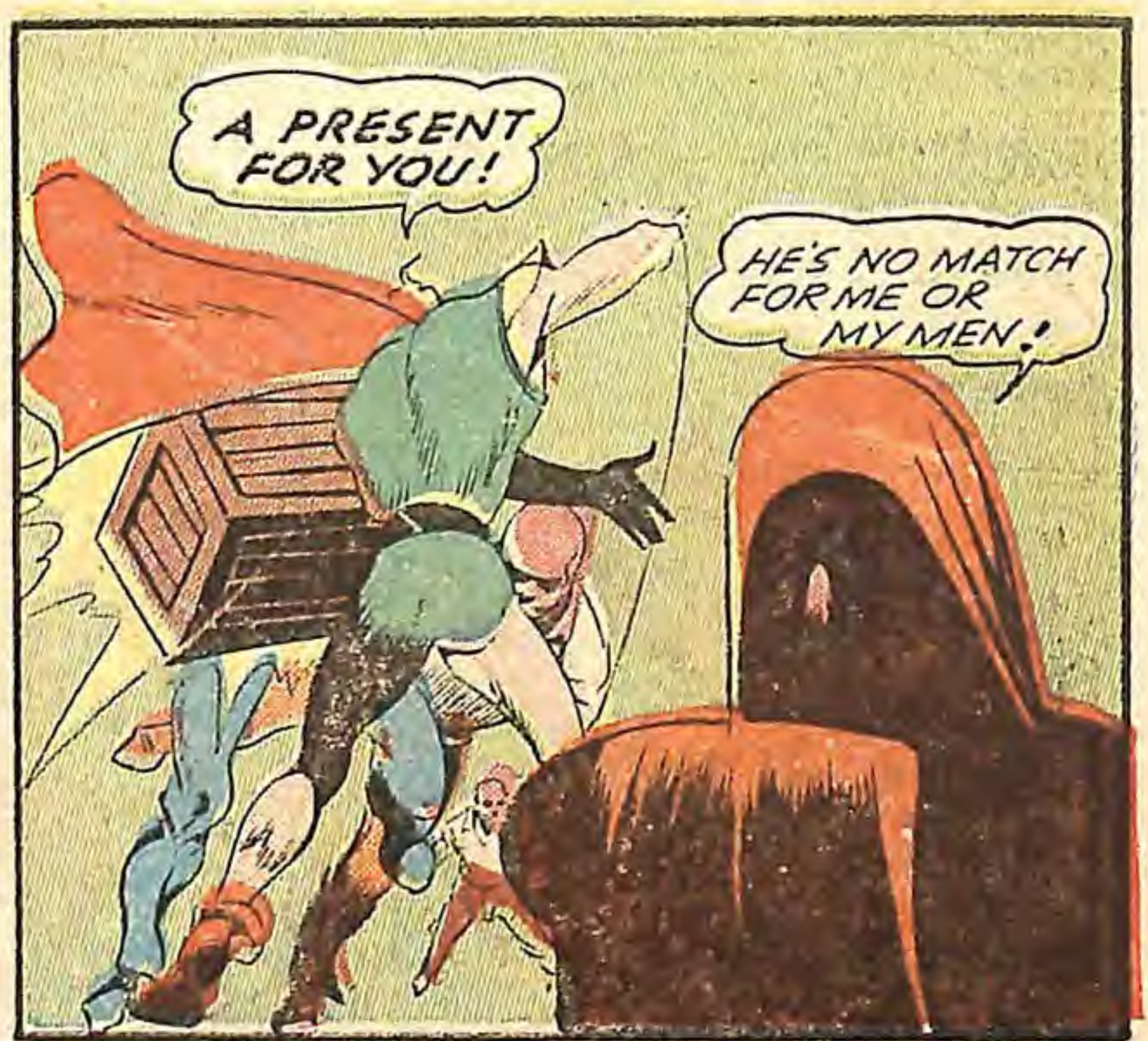
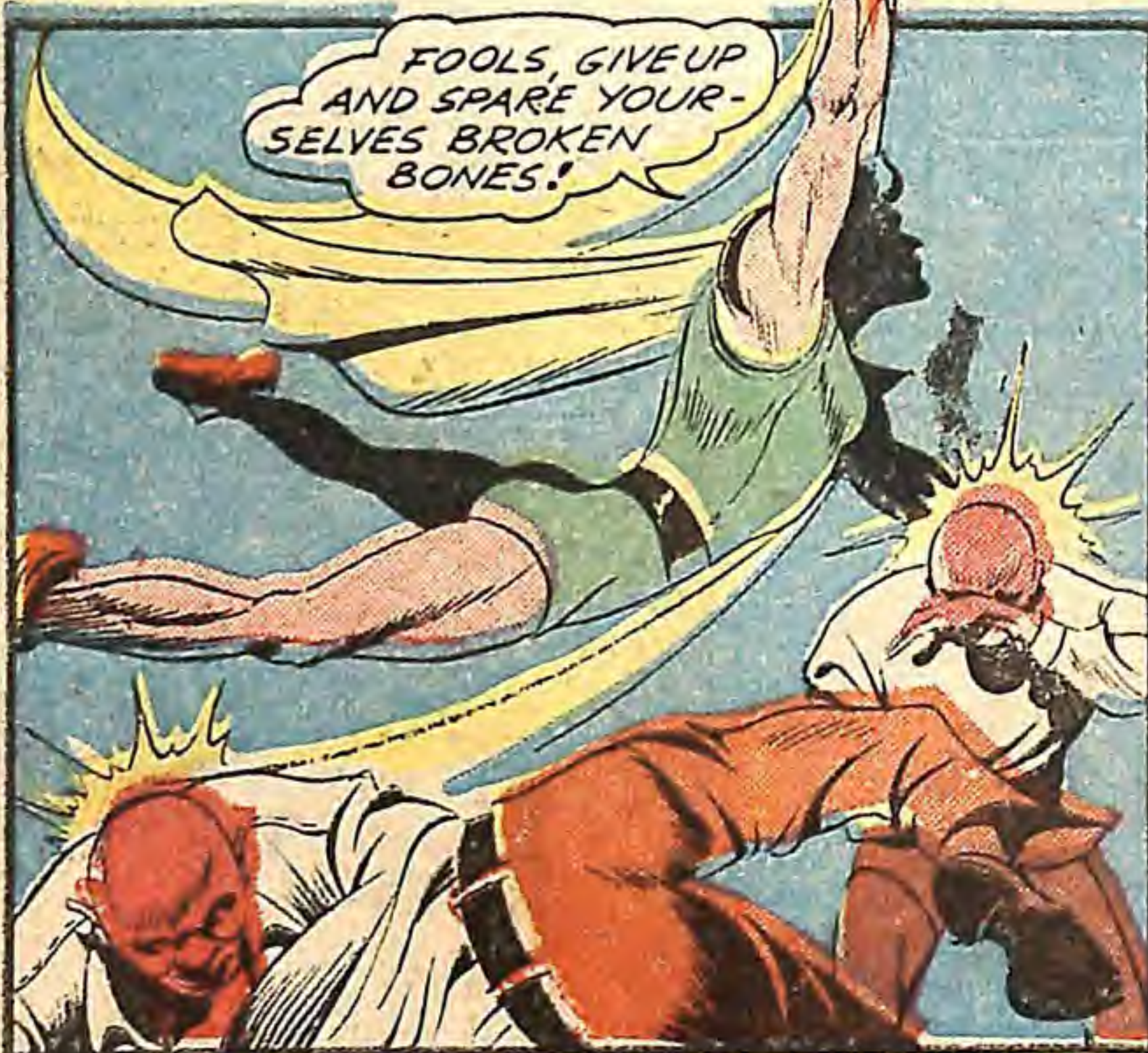
A COUNCIL IS CALLED AND THE HORRIBLE CREATURES MEET.



INSIDE THE DESERTED BARN...



SUDDENLY THE WALL IS SMASHED AND...





TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE--HE WON'T MISS ME!



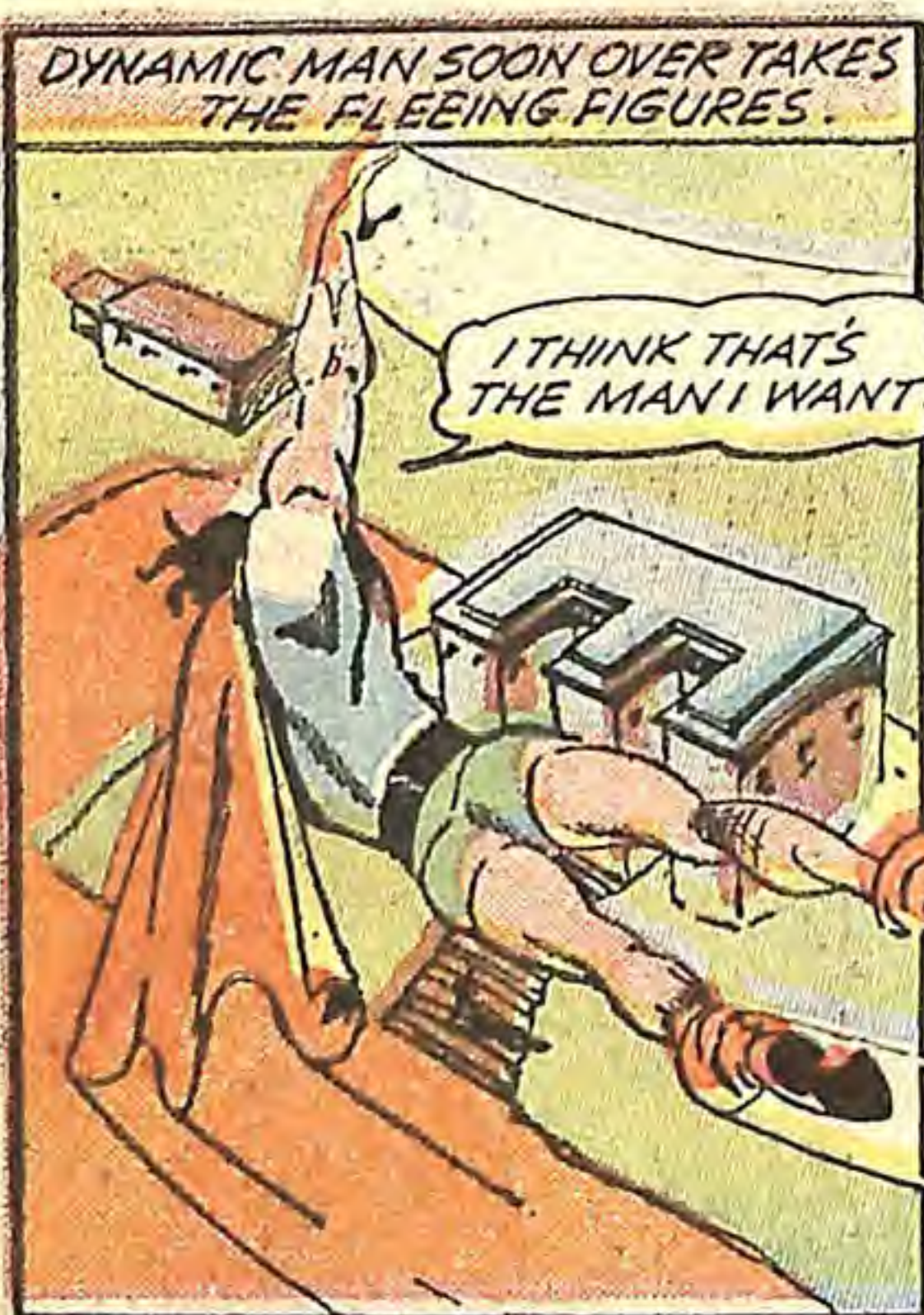
DYNAMIC MAN'S ATTACK SOON SUBDUES THE HIDEOUS MOB TO REVEAL

SO THERE IS NO RED PLAGUE, AS I SUSPECTED! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF IT ALL? SPEAK, OR I'LL START IN AGAIN!

WE WERE PAID WELL TO SPREAD THIS VENOM, WE DON'T KNOW WHO THE LEADER IS!



I'LL LOCK THEM IN HERE AND SEND THE POLICE--IT'S THE LEADER I WANT!



DYNAMIC MAN SOON OVERTAKES THE FLEEING FIGURES.

I THINK THAT'S THE MAN I WANT.



WHO ARE YOU?

ANY ONE ELSE HERE? PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME?



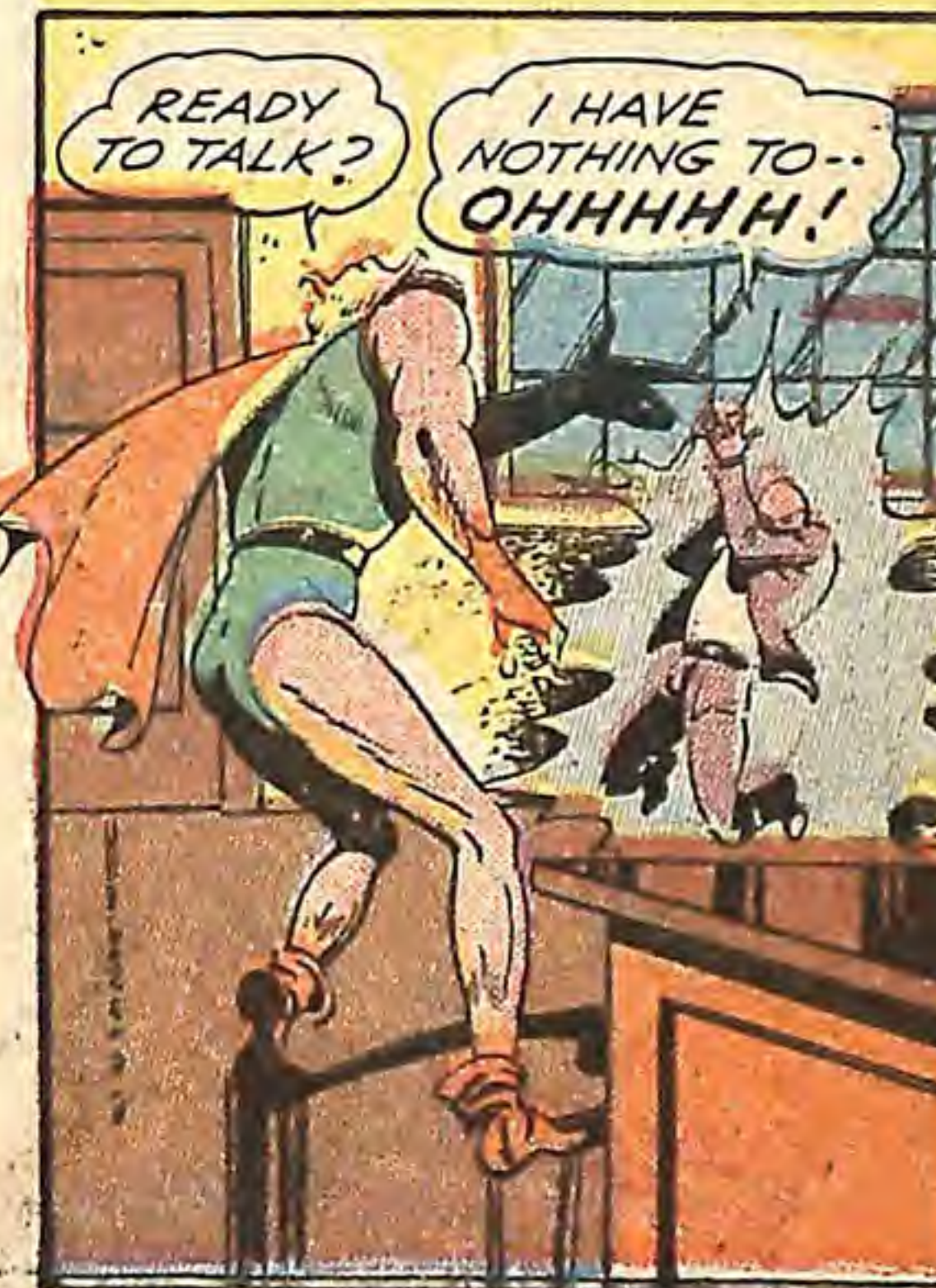
THE DOCTOR IS IN THERE!



SO YOU'RE REMOVING YOUR TRUE FACE!



TRY ONE OF MY PILLS, DOCTOR!



READY TO TALK?

I HAVE NOTHING TO-- OHHHHH!



IT'S ONLY A RASH POWDER I SPREAD OVER THE CITY. I SCARED THEM INTO SELLING THEIR PROPERTY. I HAD THE REAL ESTATE AGENT BUY IT FOR ME. THIS ENTIRE TOWN STANDS ON A HUGE COPPER MINE WHICH I WANTED.





PUNCH

COMICS

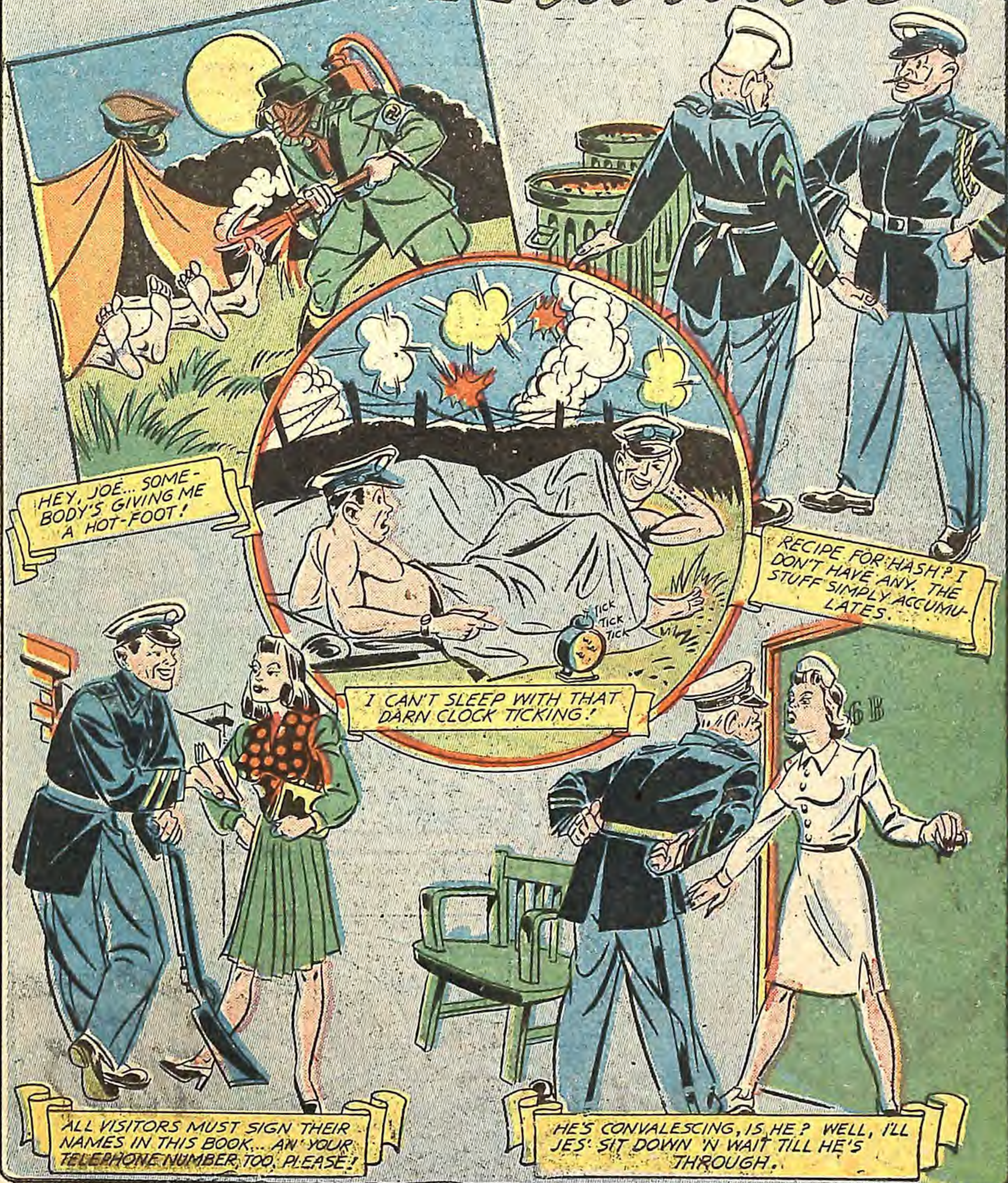
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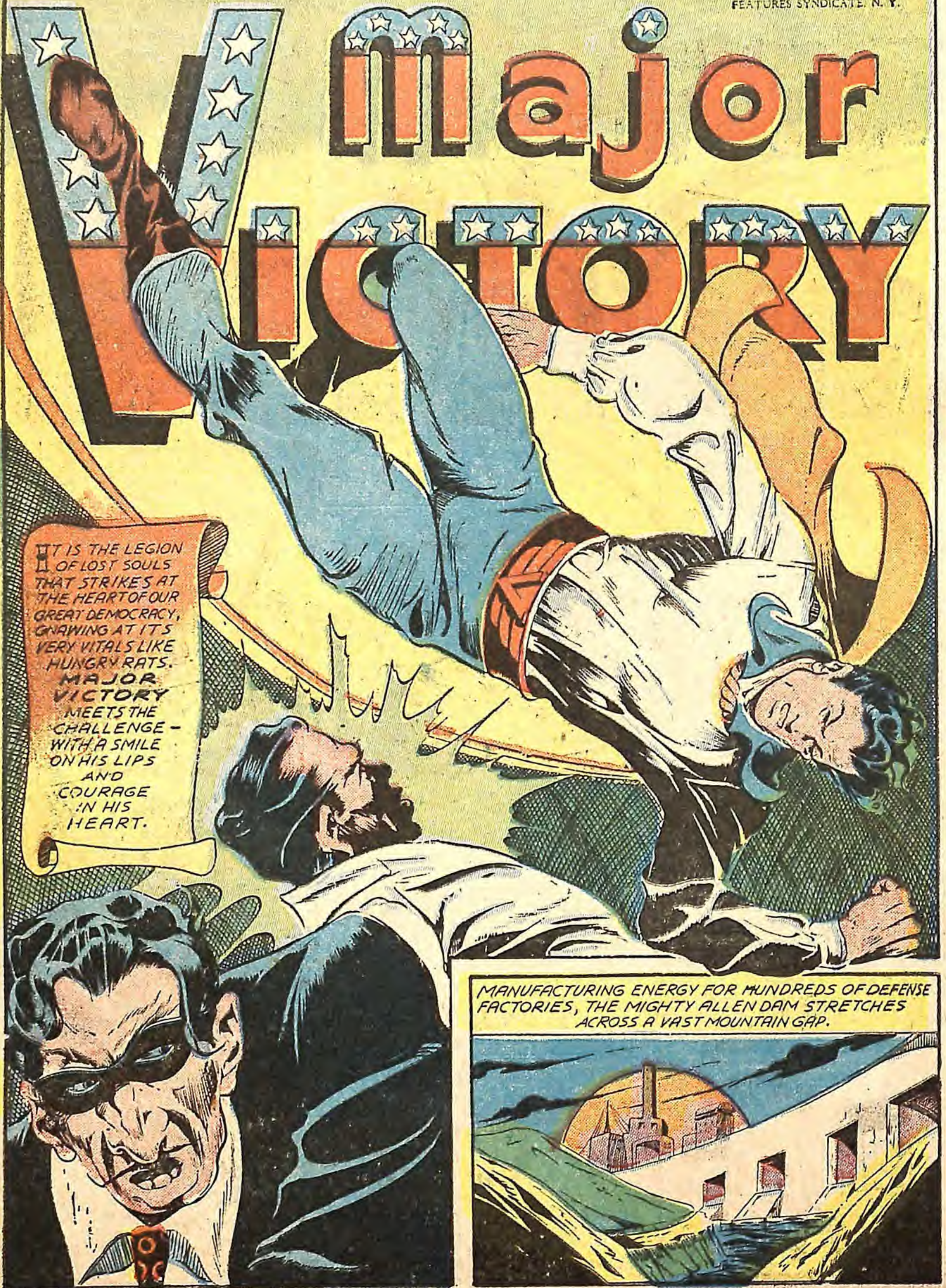
RIP ROARIN' FEATURES

AT YOUR NEWSDEALER NOW!

HENRY A. CHESTER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

TELL IT TO THE Marines





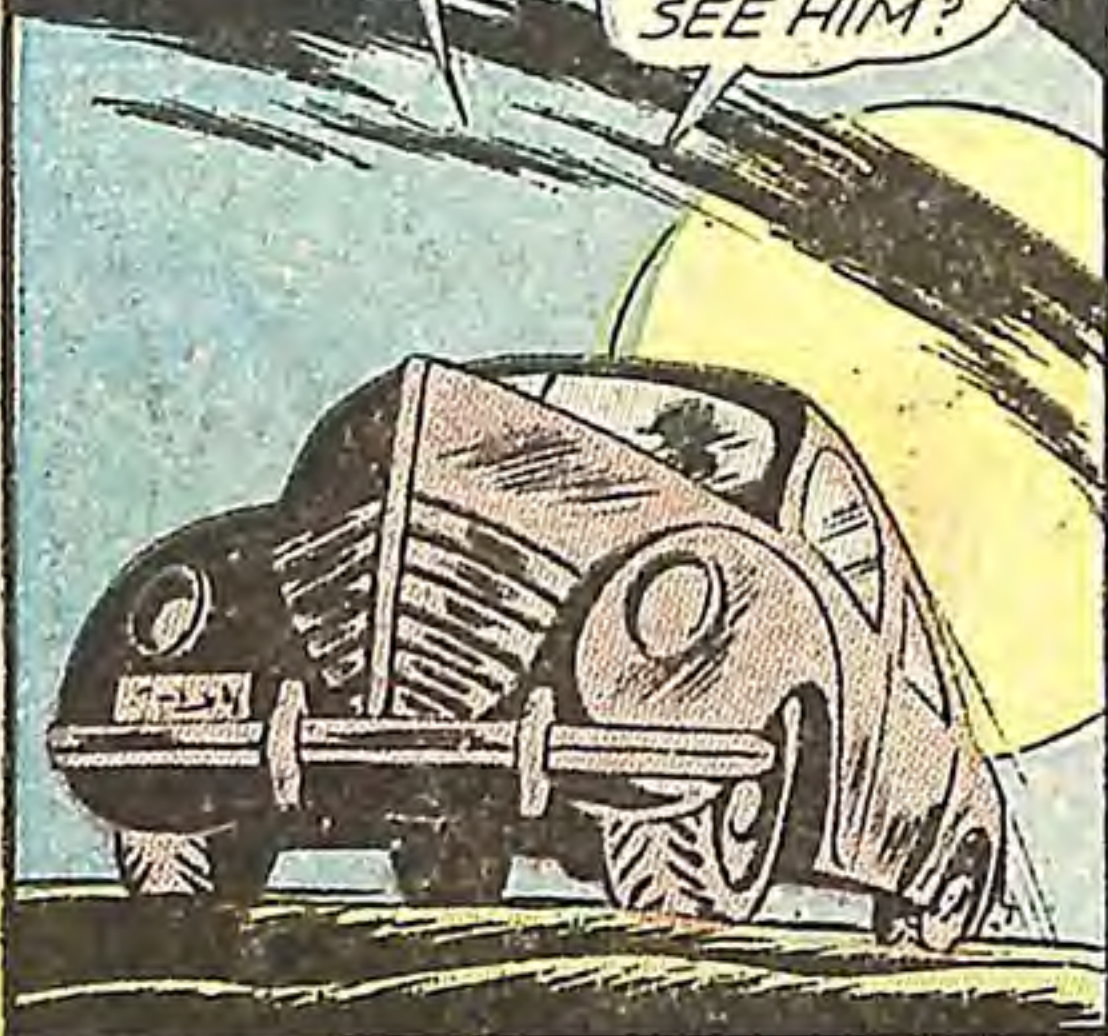
IT IS THE LEGION
OF LOST SOULS
THAT STRIKES AT
THE HEART OF OUR
GREAT DEMOCRACY,
GNAWING AT ITS
VERY VITALS LIKE
HUNGRY RATS.
**MAJOR
VICTORY**
MEETS THE
CHALLENGE—
WITH A SMILE
ON HIS LIPS
AND
COURAGE
IN HIS
HEART.

MANUFACTURING ENERGY FOR HUNDREDS OF DEFENSE
FACTORIES, THE MIGHTY ALLEN DAM STRETCHES
ACROSS A VAST MOUNTAIN GAP.

FROM A PASSING CAR, SCRUTINIZING EYES EXAMINE THE MAMMOTH STRUCTURE.

THAT'S THE PLACE. NOW TO CARRY OUT 'THE BOSS' INSTRUCTIONS.

WHO IS THE BOSS, DID YOU EVER SEE HIM?



DON'T ASK QUESTIONS... THE BOSS DON'T LIKE IT. HE GOT YOU OUT OF JAIL JUST WHEN YOU EXPECTED TO BURN, DIDN'T HE?

OKAY, I'M NOT COMPLAINING. WE GOT A JOB TO DO, LET'S GET AT IT.



THERE HE IS, GET HIM!

HE'S THE FIRST. IT'S GOT TO BE DONE WITHOUT A SOUND.



I WANT TO BE BACK ON THE FARM



UUUUUGGGHHH—



WE GOT HIM!

QUIET!



NOW FOR THE OTHER ONE!

MEET THE FISH, SUCKER!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DAM, THE GUARD BECOMES SUSPICIOUS.

FUNNY, I HAVEN'T SEEN JOHN FOR HALF AN HOUR.



OHHHHH

GOT HIM NICELY.



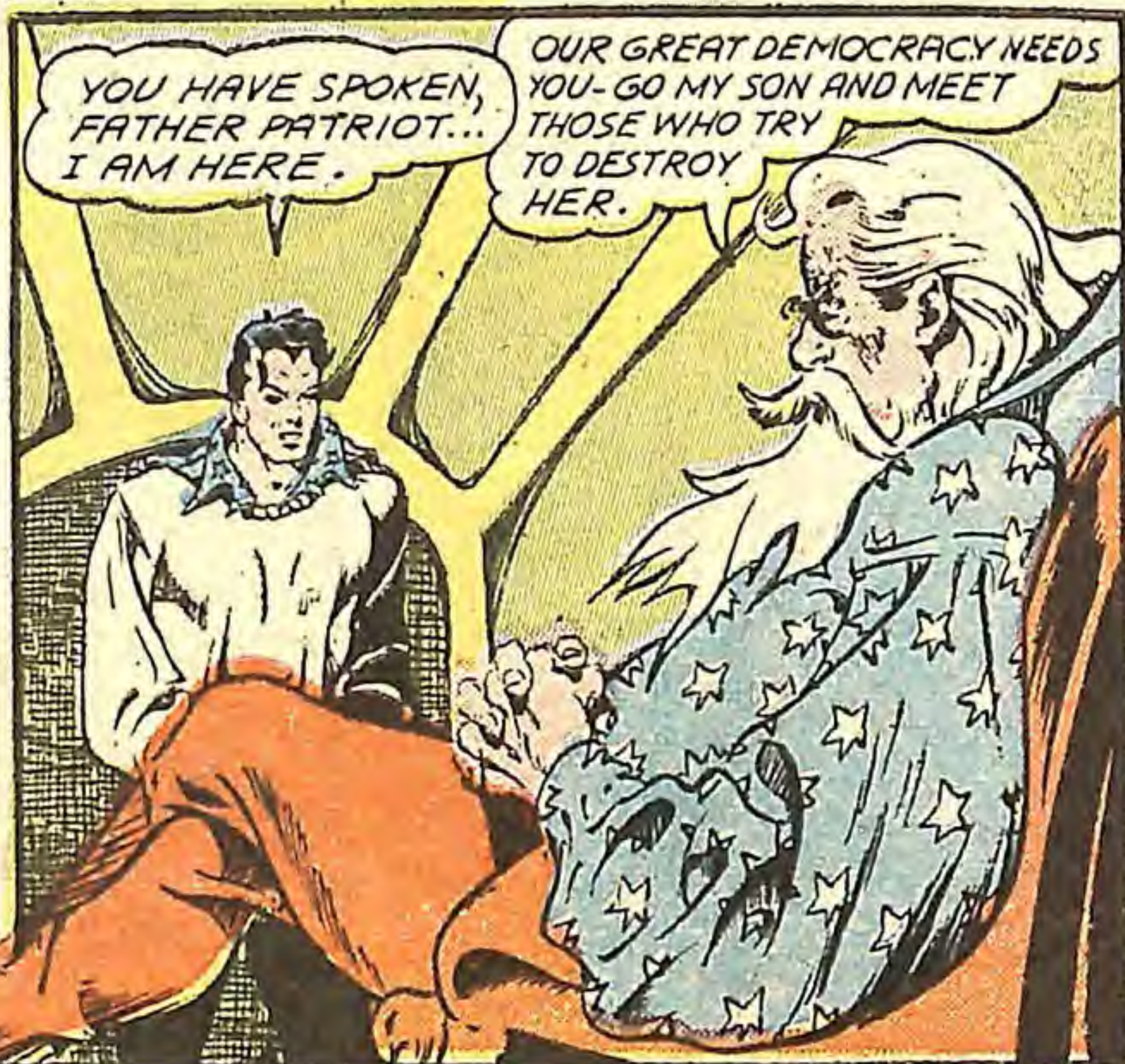


IF HE LIVED, HE'D HOLD THE HIGH DIVING RECORD.

NOW GET THE DYNAMITE. WE GOT TO PLANT IT AND GET OUT. THIS DAM MUST BE DESTROYED.



A BURST OF LIGHTNING, A RUMBLE OF THUNDER... FATHER PATRIOT SUMMONS HIS MIGHTY DEFENDER.



YOU HAVE SPOKEN, FATHER PATRIOT... I AM HERE.

OUR GREAT DEMOCRACY NEEDS YOU-GO MY SON AND MEET THOSE WHO TRY TO DESTROY HER.



UNCONQUERED, FEARLESS, AND ENDOWED WITH THE LOVE OF FREEDOM, MAJOR VICTORY... SYMBOL OF AMERICA'S SPIRIT... HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE FRAY.



IT'S ALL PLANTED, NOW TO SET THEM OFF.

AND WHEN SHE BLOWS... IT'LL BE SOME FLOOD.



WHAT THE...



IT'S... IT'S... MAJOR VICTORY... GULP!

JUST DROPPING IN FOR THE PARTY.



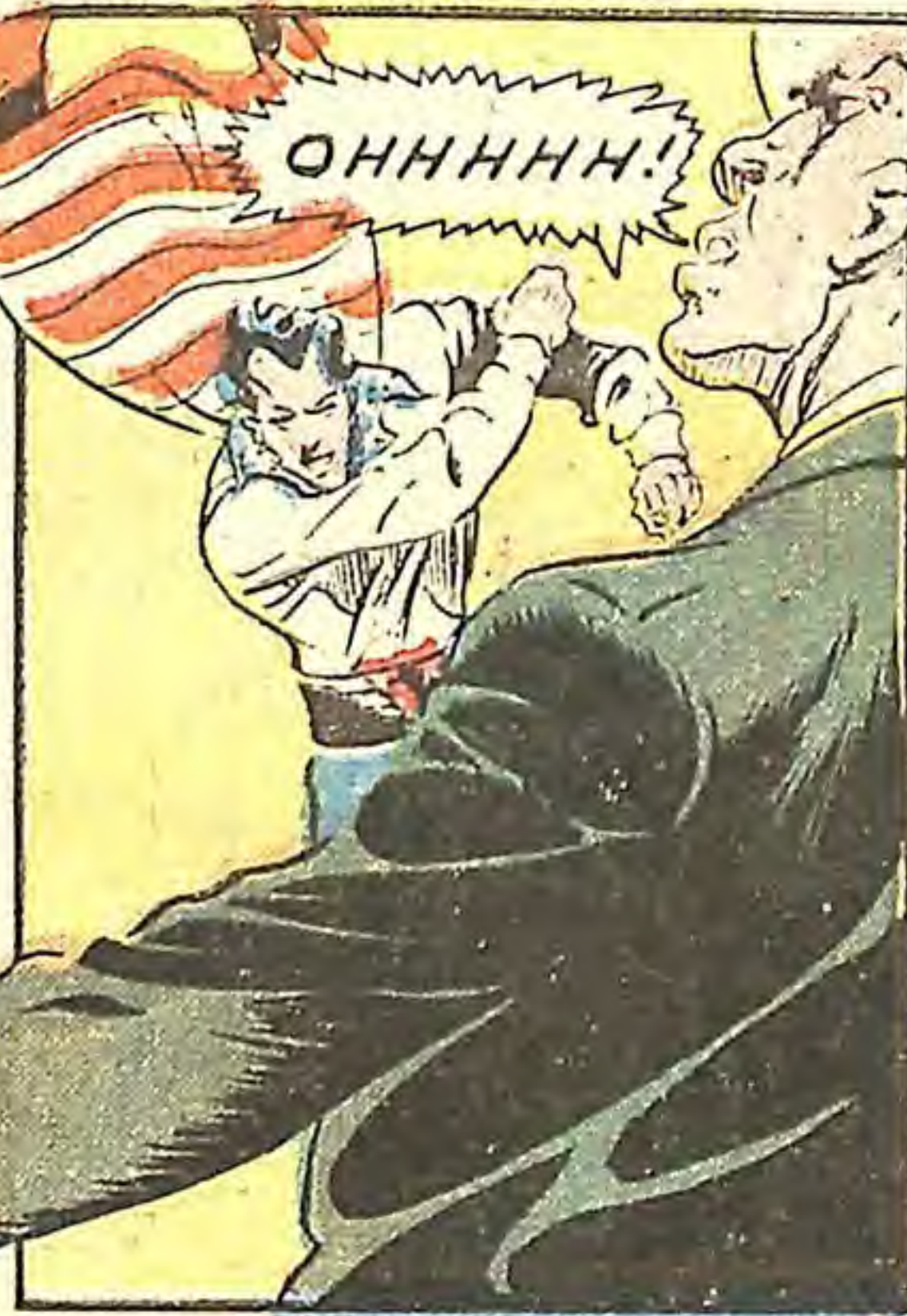
IT'S A MAJOR VICTORY EXTRA.



THIS WILL FIX THAT MUG.

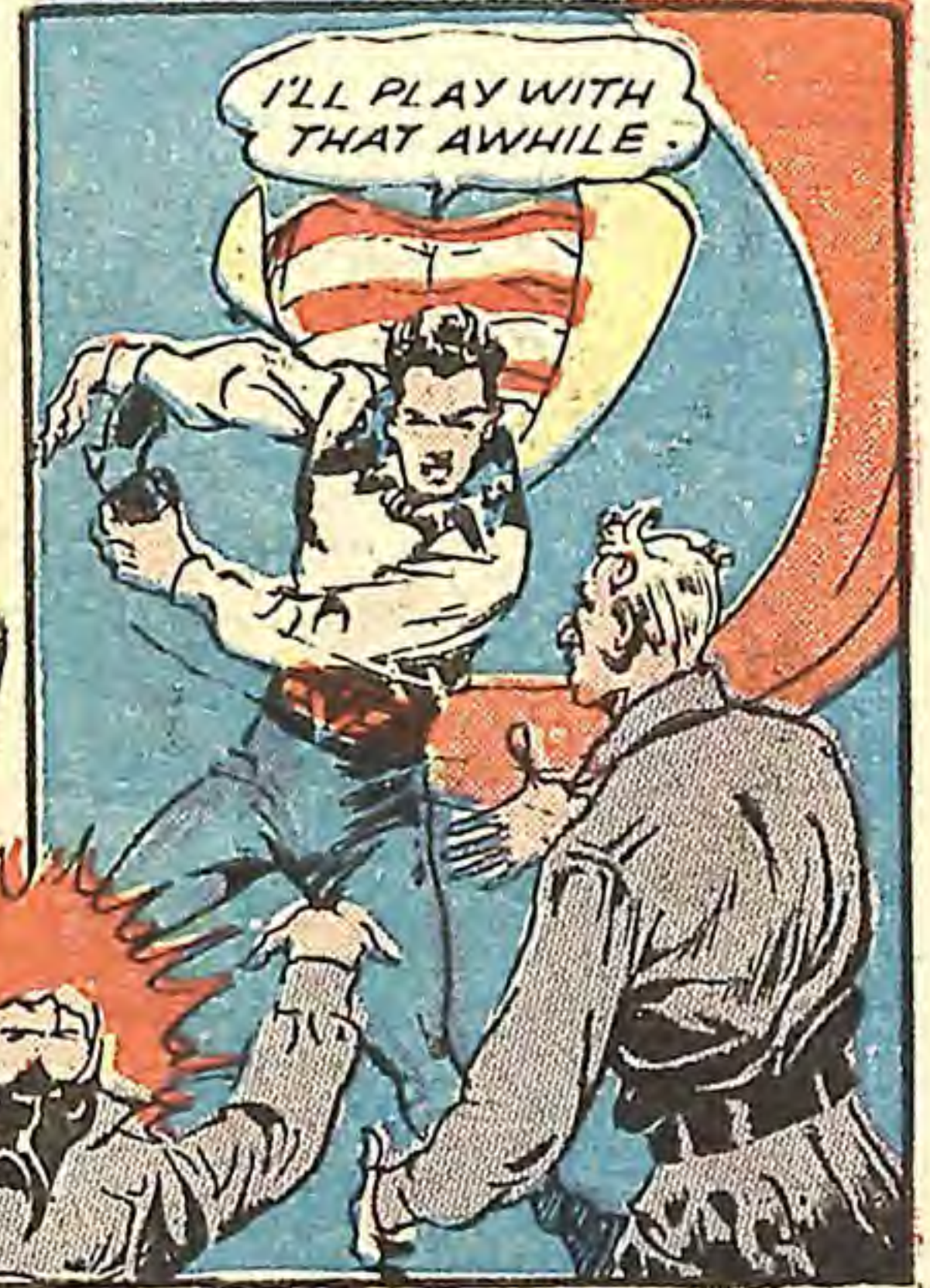


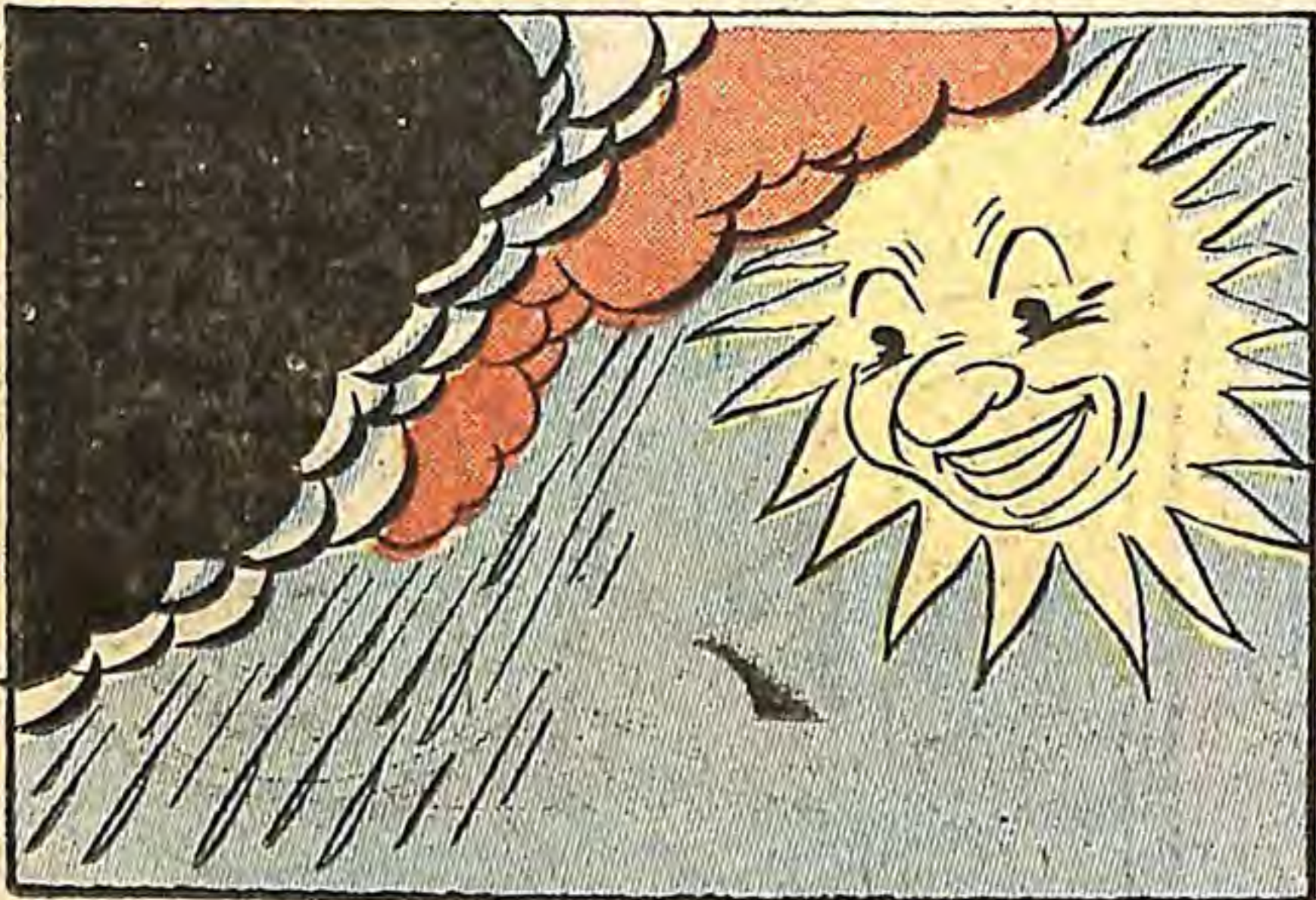
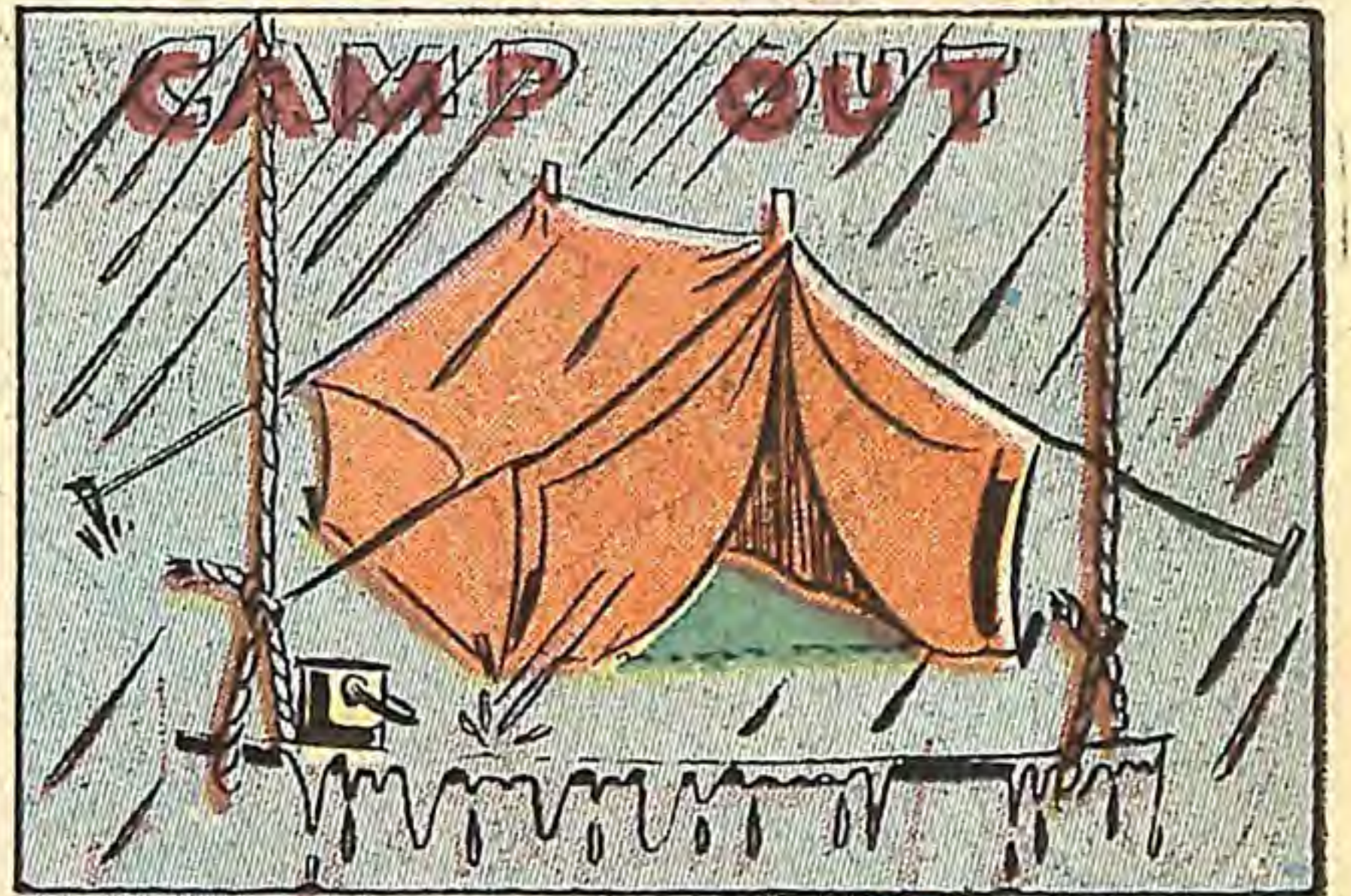
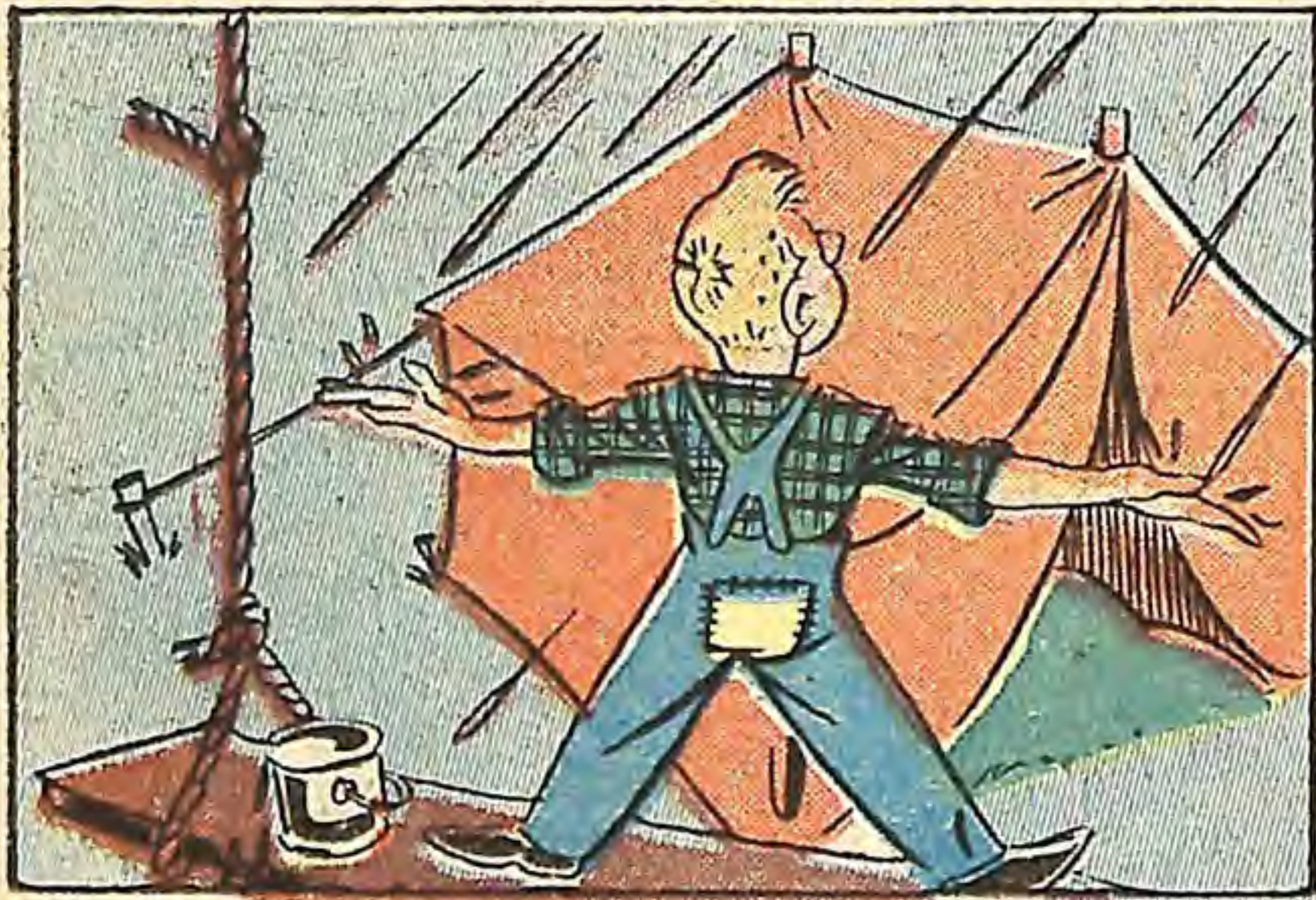
I'LL MAKE HIM INTO A BLASTED SIEVE.











K-9

HIS MASTER KILLED BY A MURDEROUS SABOTEUR, K-9 SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY PICKS UP THE TRAIL THAT LEADS TO THE ONE THING HIS ANIMAL HEART UNDERSTANDS... VENGEANCE.

HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

AS THE NATION SLEEPS, A UNIVERSAL MENACE LURKS NEAR A LARGE MUNITION DUMP...



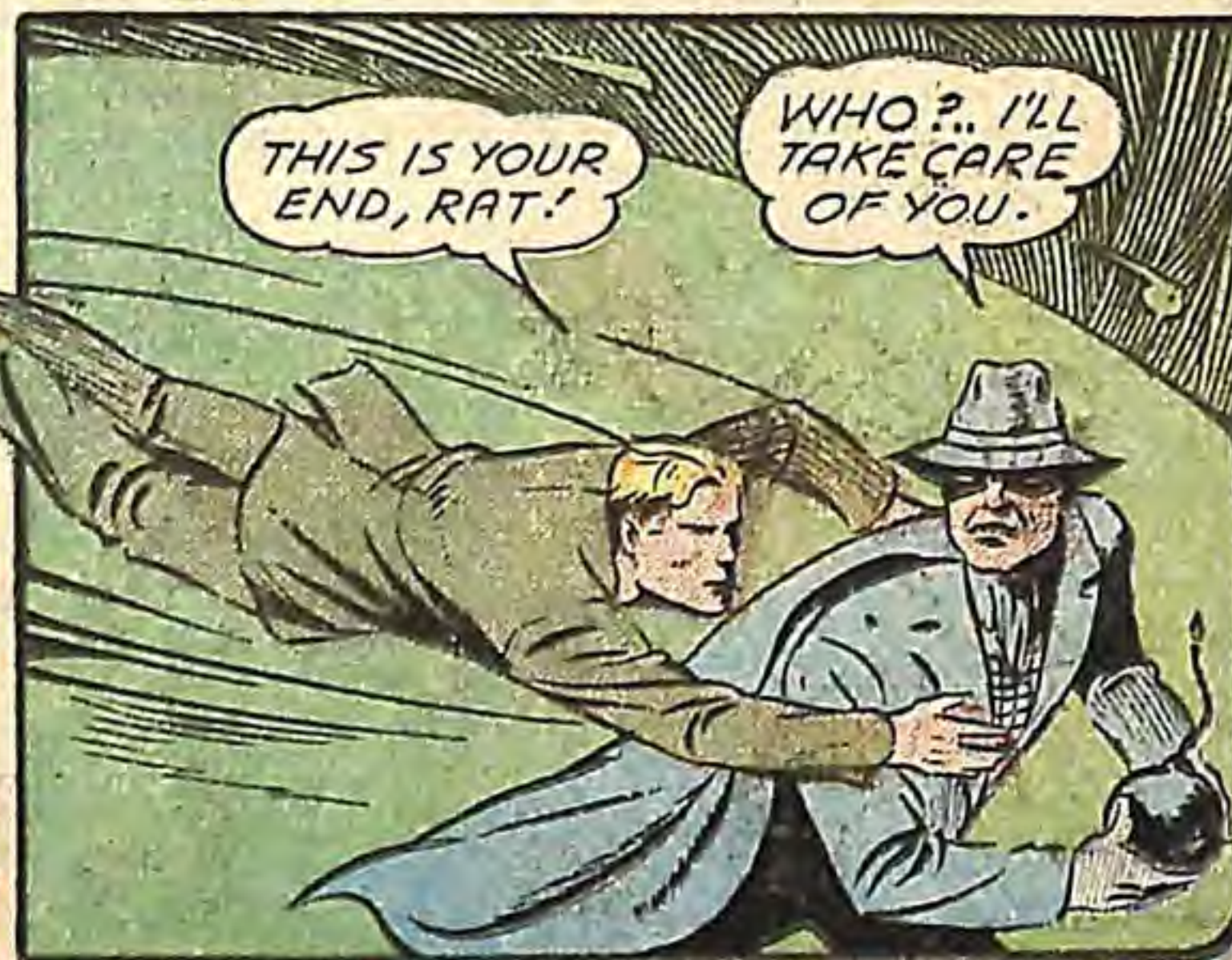
FOLLOWING A HUNCH, DICK STAR SEES...

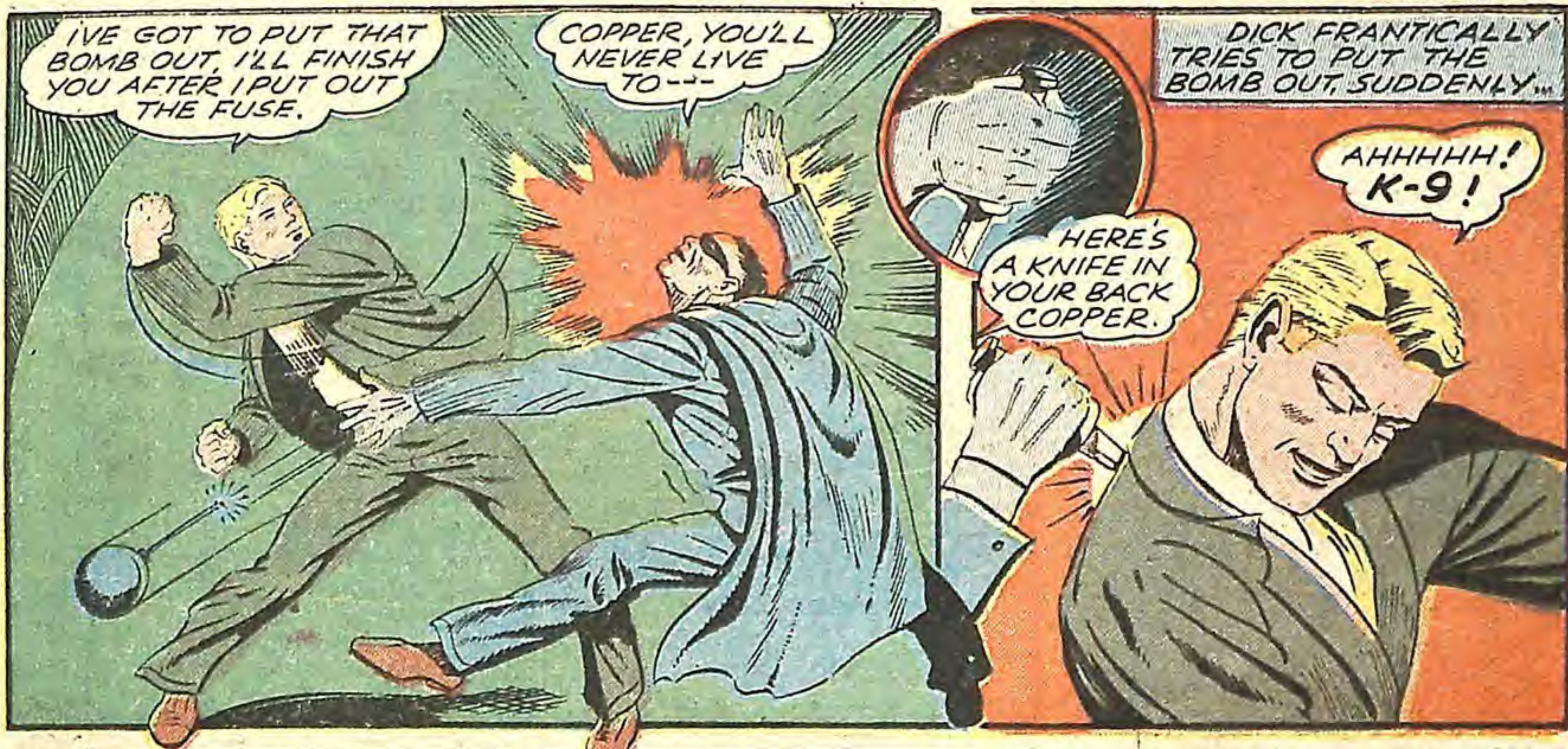
I HOPE K-9 IS WATCHING THE FRONT. I HAVE A FEELING... I'M RIGHT! THERE'S THE TERROR!



THIS IS YOUR END, RAT!

WHO?.. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.







CRIPES! DETECTIVE STAR IS HERE! HE'S DEAD! HIS DOG'S BADLY HURT!



AS THE DEAD DETECTIVE AND K-9 ARE CARRIED OUT OF THE RUINS, THEY'RE SPIED BY A SPECTATOR, LITTLE TIP, DICK'S BROTHER.

OHhhh! DICK!



HE KILLED MY BROTHER. K-9 YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME. YOU GOT TO HELP ME GET HIM.



THE DOG WILL BE ALRIGHT, SONNY. I'LL SEND HIM TO A VETERINARIAN HOSPITAL OPPOSITE THE ARMY RECRUITING STATION. YOU CAN COME ALONG WITH ME IN THE AMBULANCE.



COME ON TIP, YOU GOT TO LEARN TO TAKE IT LIKE A MAN. WE'LL GET THAT BLACK TERROR FOR YOU. WE'RE PUTTING OUT THE DRAG-NET NOW.



ALL EXITS FROM THE CITY ARE BARRED. POLICE CARS SCREECH THROUGH THE CITY AS THEY CLOSE IN ON THE BLACK TERROR.



DESPERATELY, THE KILLER RUNS BETWEEN DARKENED ALLEYS.

DARN THEM COPS! THEY'RE GETTING TOO CLOSE, FOR COMFORT.



THERE HE IS!

I'LL GET THAT COP KILLER!



I'LL HOP IN HERE, AND GIVE THEM COPS THE SLIP.



CRIPES. I RAN INTO AN ARMORY. WHAT DOES THAT SOLDIER WANT? I'D BETTER KEEP MY GUN HANDY.

SAY, YOU---



IF YOU'RE HERE TO JOIN THE SERVICE, YOU'D BETTER HURRY TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE. HE'S ANXIOUS TO LEAVE.

BOY IF THIS DON'T BEAT EVERYTHING. HERE'S WHERE THE ARMY HELPS ME SLIP THE COPS.

SURE SOLDIER, WHERE DO I GO?



HEART AND BLOOD PRESSURE IS GOOD. O.KAY, YOU'RE IN THE ARMY.

THANKS, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME.

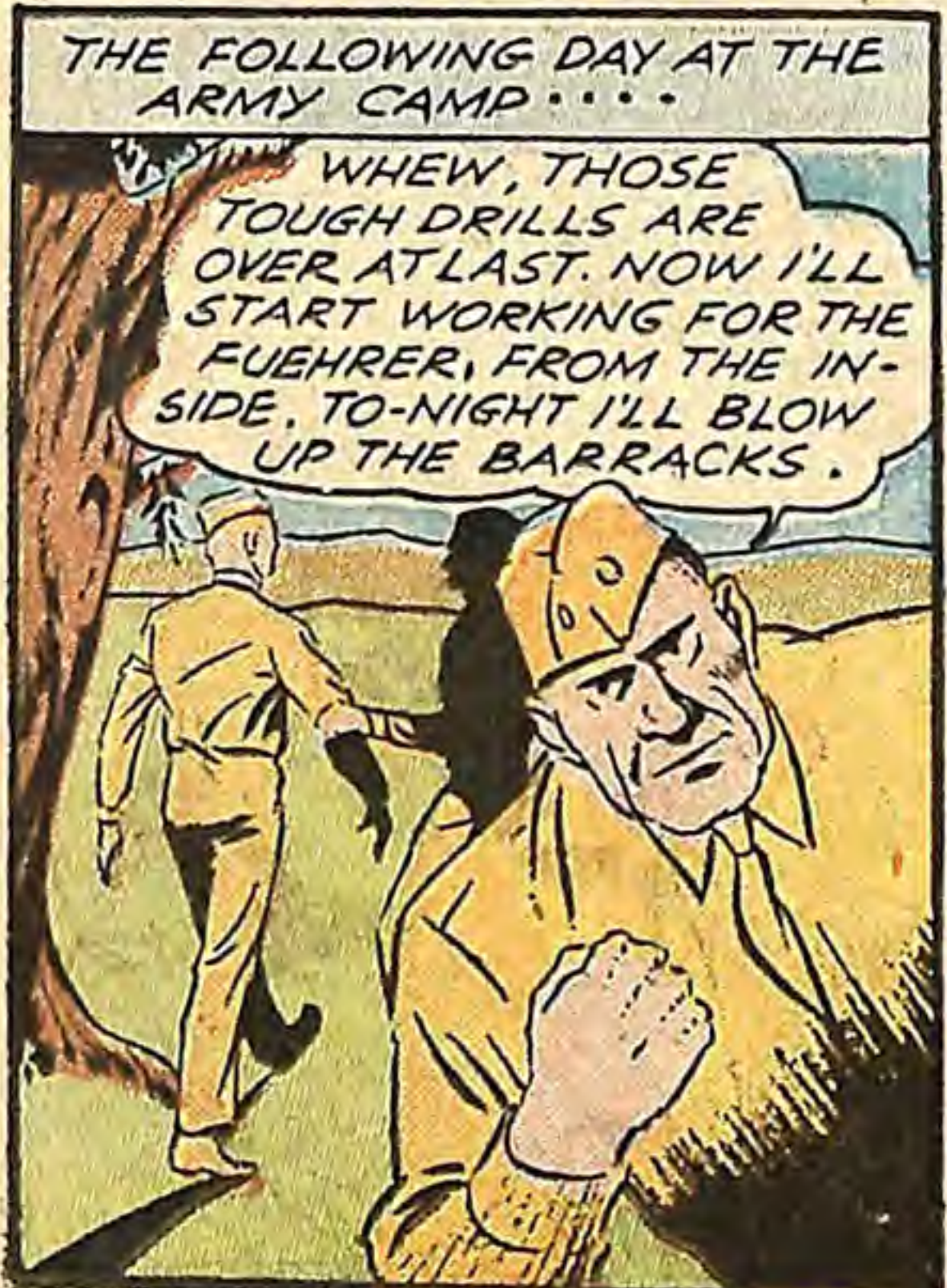


COME ON, BUD, THE TRUCKS OUTSIDE READY TO TAKE YOU AND THE OTHER VOLUNTEERS TO CAMP.

I DON'T NEED THESE RAGS ANY MORE.



THE TERROR LEAVES THE RECRUITING BUILDING. ACROSS THE STREET IS THE DOG HOSPITAL WHERE K-9 IS INTERNED.



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE ARMY CAMP....

WHEW, THOSE TOUGH DRILLS ARE OVER AT LAST. NOW I'LL START WORKING FOR THE FUHRER, FROM THE INSIDE. TO-NIGHT I'LL BLOW UP THE BARRACKS.



AND THAT NIGHT, THE TERROR PREPARES TO STRIKE AGAIN.

I'LL PUT THAT GUARD TO SLEEP AND THEN I'LL TURN THIS PLACE INTO A GRAVEYARD. HA, HAH!

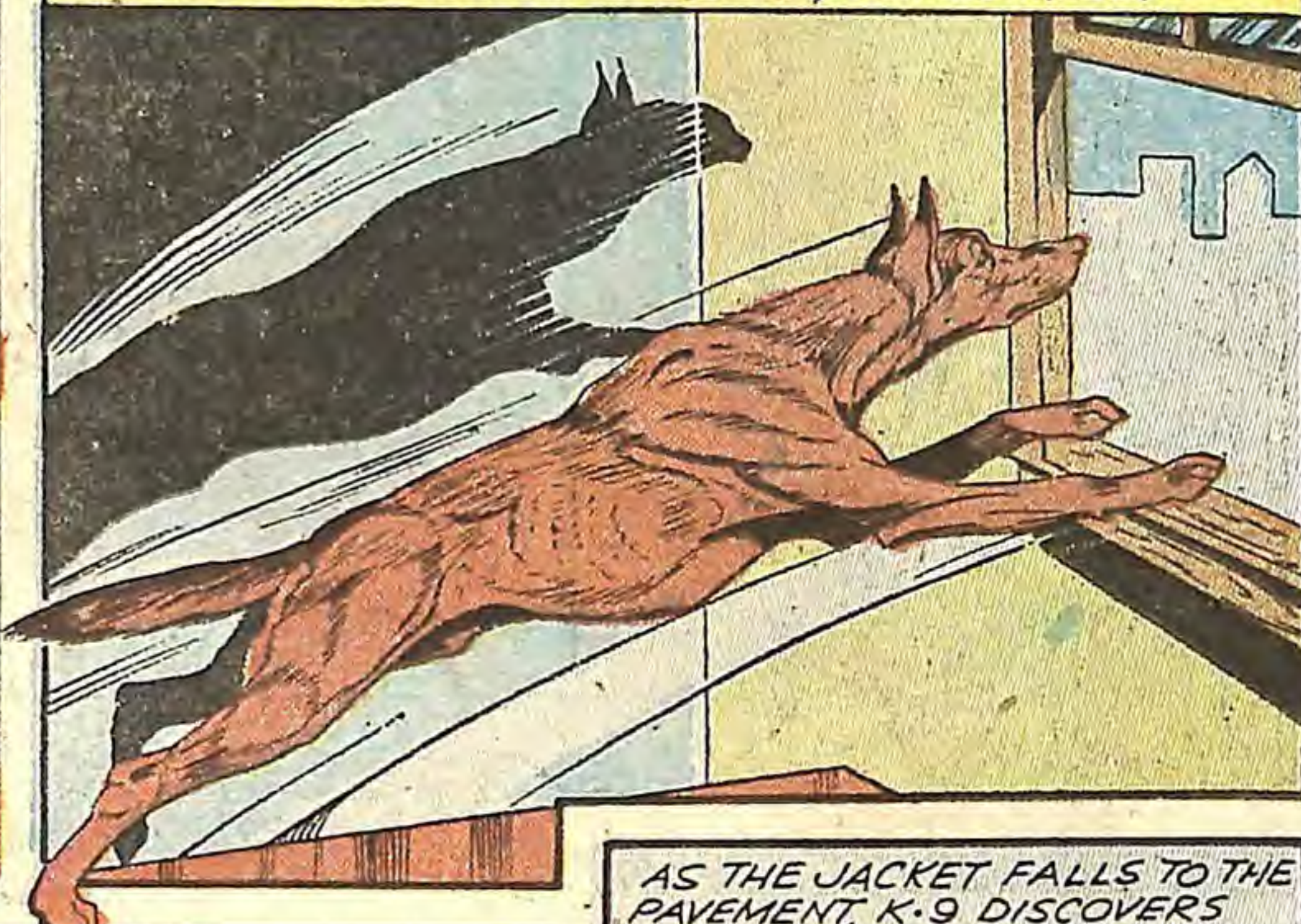


OKAY, SOLDIER, IT'S DREAMLAND FOR YOU.

MEANWHILE, AT THE DOG HOSPITAL...



ALONE IN THE ROOM, K-9 LEAPS INTO ACTION. THE FAITHFUL DOG OF THE DEAD DETECTIVE YEARNS TO AVENGE HIS MASTER'S DEATH, IMMEDIATELY.



AS K-9 ENTERS THE STREET, HE CURIOUSLY STUDIES TWO RAG PICKERS NEAR THE RECRUITING STATION.



LOOK, A CHECKED JACKET! THE SECOND HAND DEALER SAID HE WOULDN'T BUY ANY JACKETS.

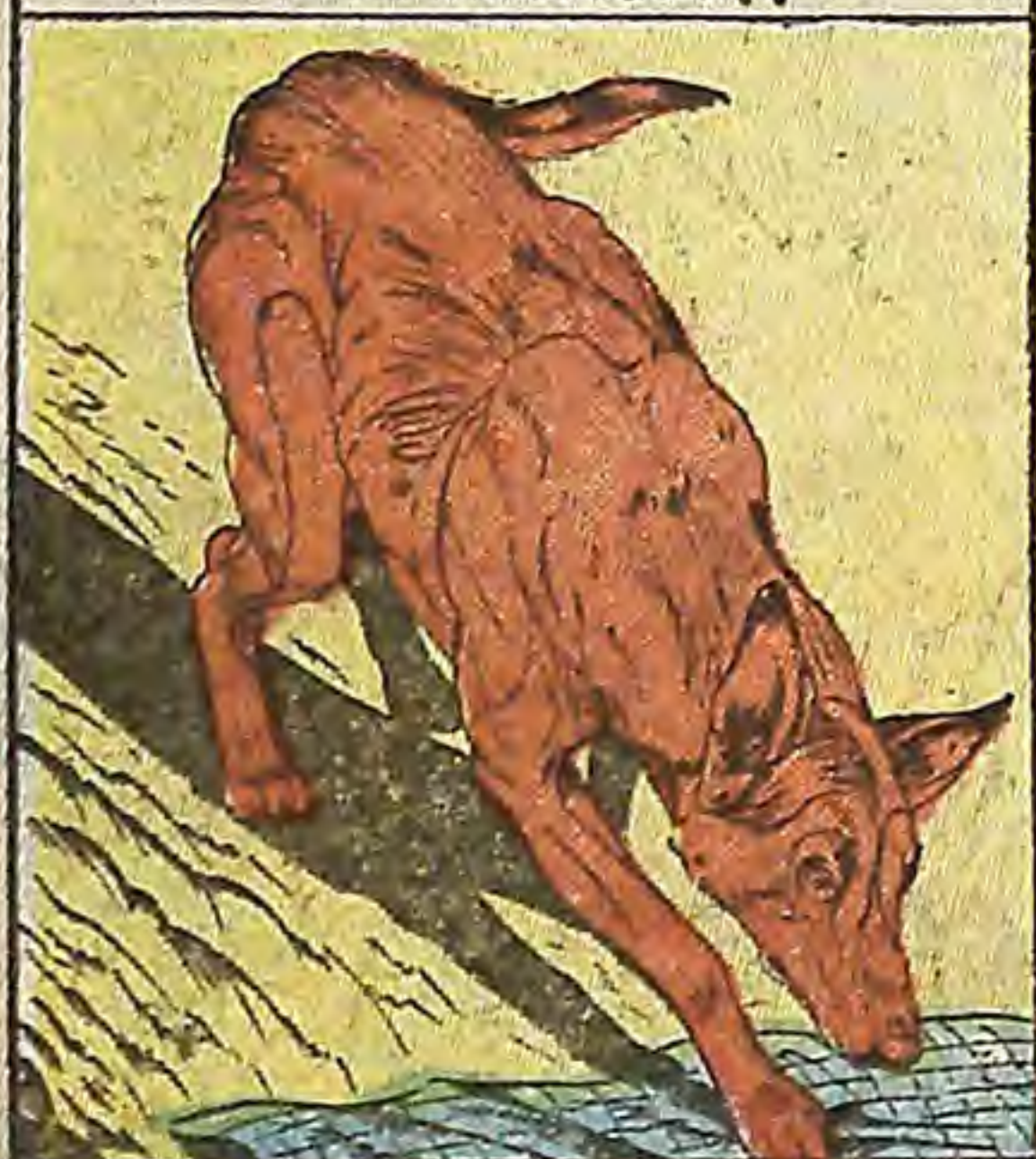
THROW IT AWAY THEN, CAN'T GET MUCH FOR IT. WE MIGHT AS WELL STICK TO THE BIG TIME. SELLING THE SUITS DISCARDED BY THE SOLDIERS.



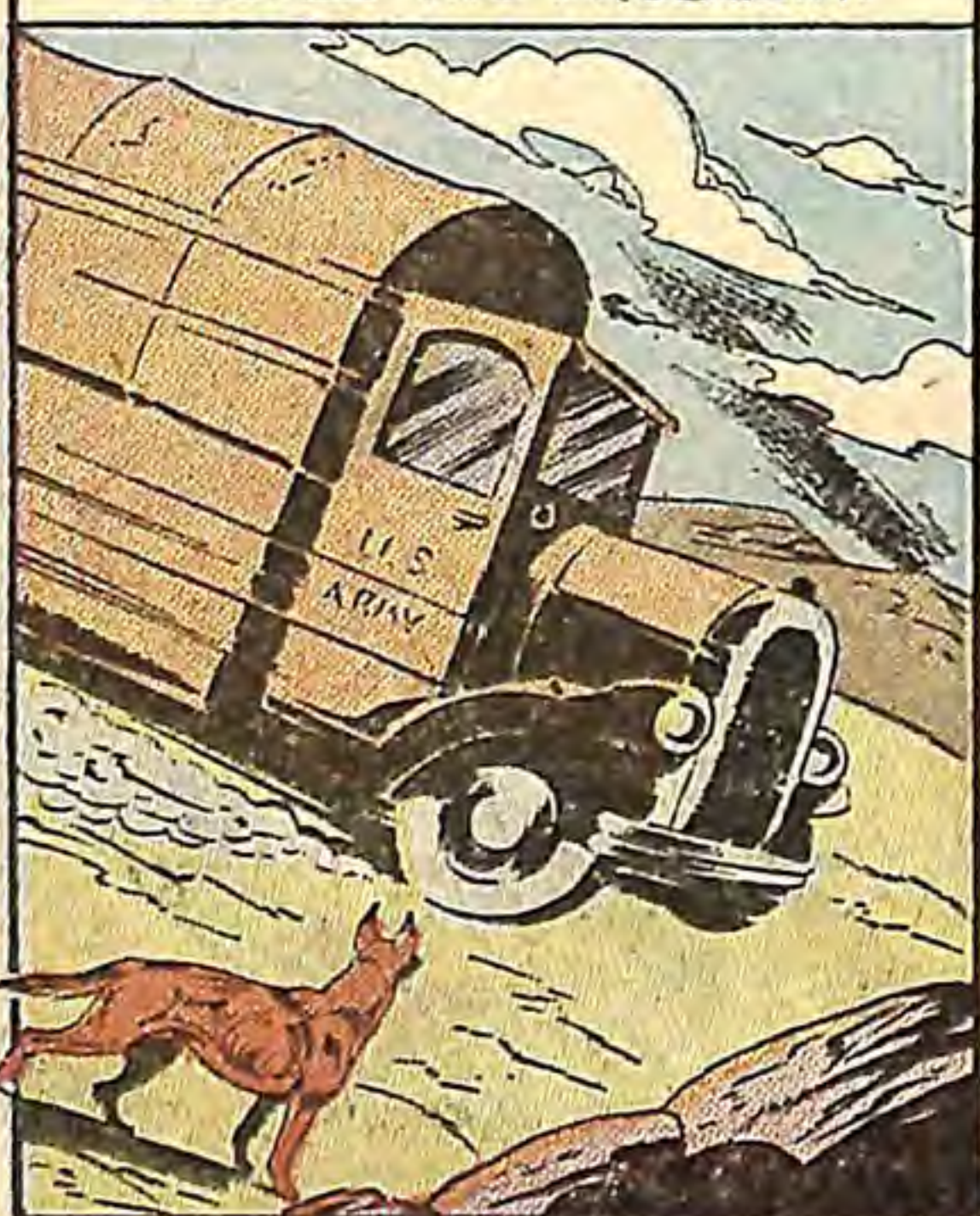
AS THE JACKET FALLS TO THE PAVEMENT, K-9 DISCOVERS THE SCENT OF THE KILLER.



THE PERTURBED MIND OF K-9 WHIRLS AND SPINS. THE KILLER'S JACKET, BUT WHERE IS THE TERROR?

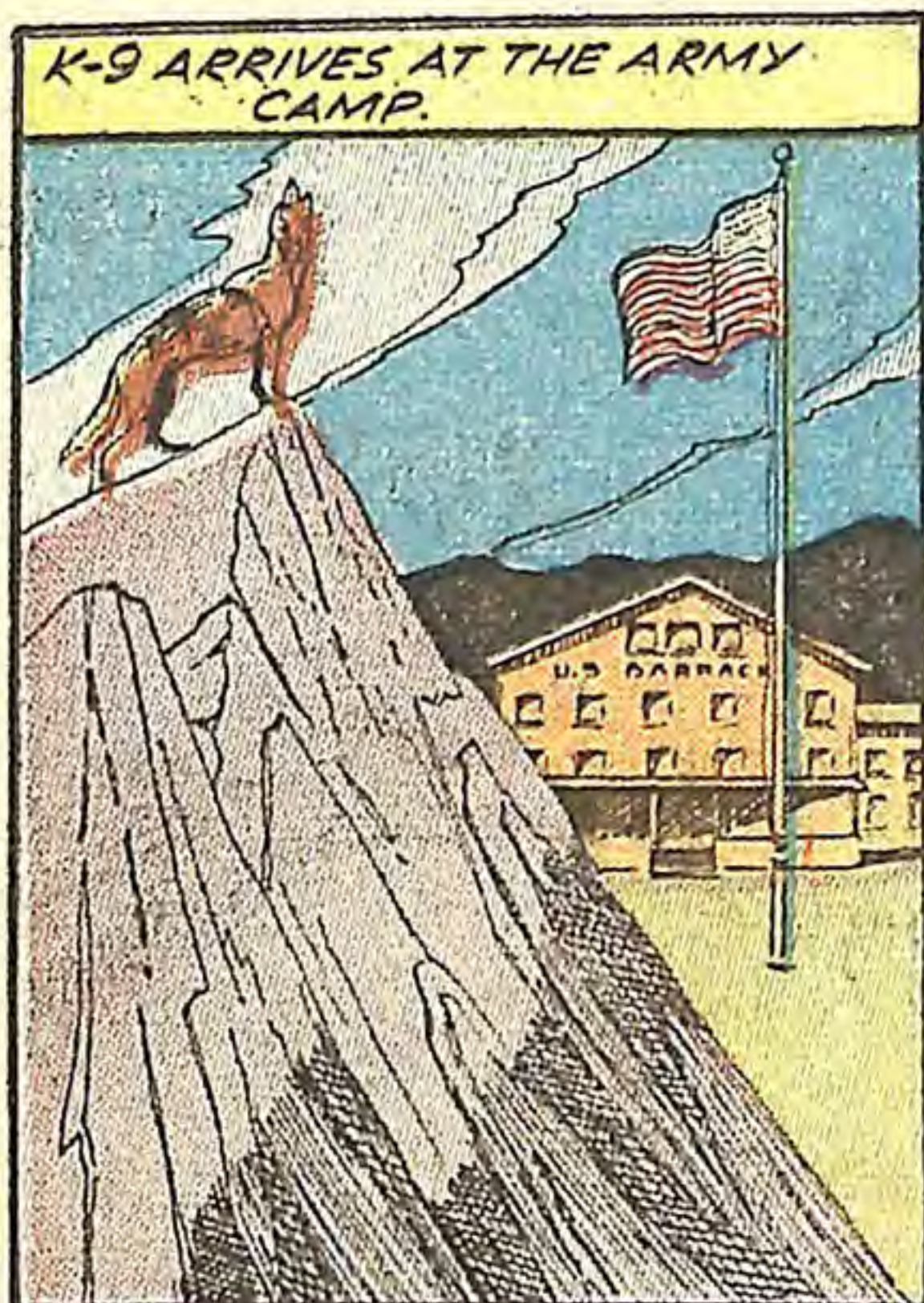


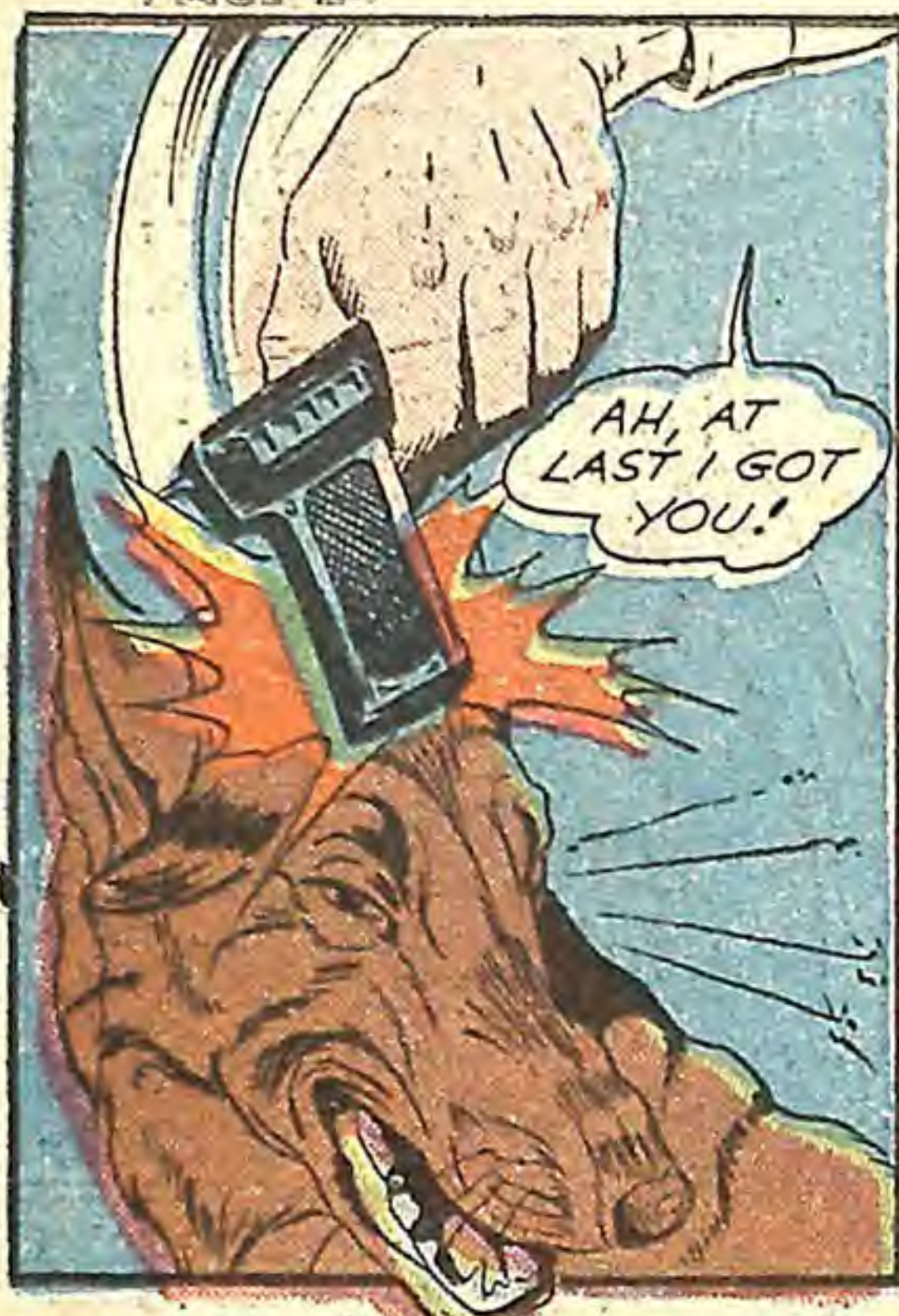
THE CLEVER DOG QUICKLY SOLVES HIS PROBLEM.



AND RACES TOWARD THE ARMY CAMP.





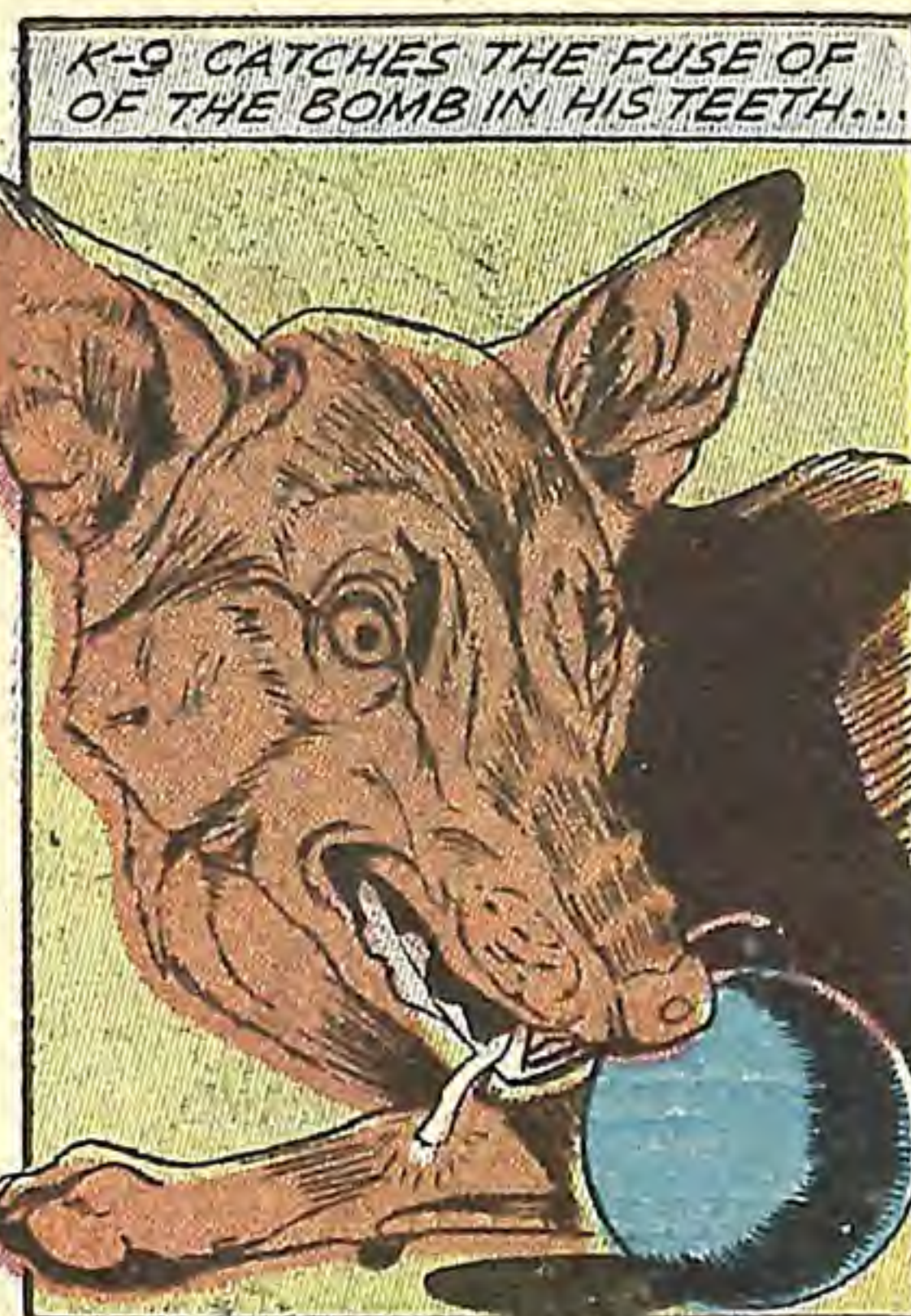


AH, AT
LAST I GOT
YOU!



THE KILLER TURNS TO FLEE,
AND K-9 VALIANTLY TRIES
TO REACH THE BOMB.

H'AH! I'LL FINISH
THE DOG THE WAY
I DID HIS MASTER.



K-9 CATCHES THE FUSE OF
OF THE BOMB IN HIS TEETH...



...AND HURLS IT TOWARDS THE
ESCAPING KILLER.



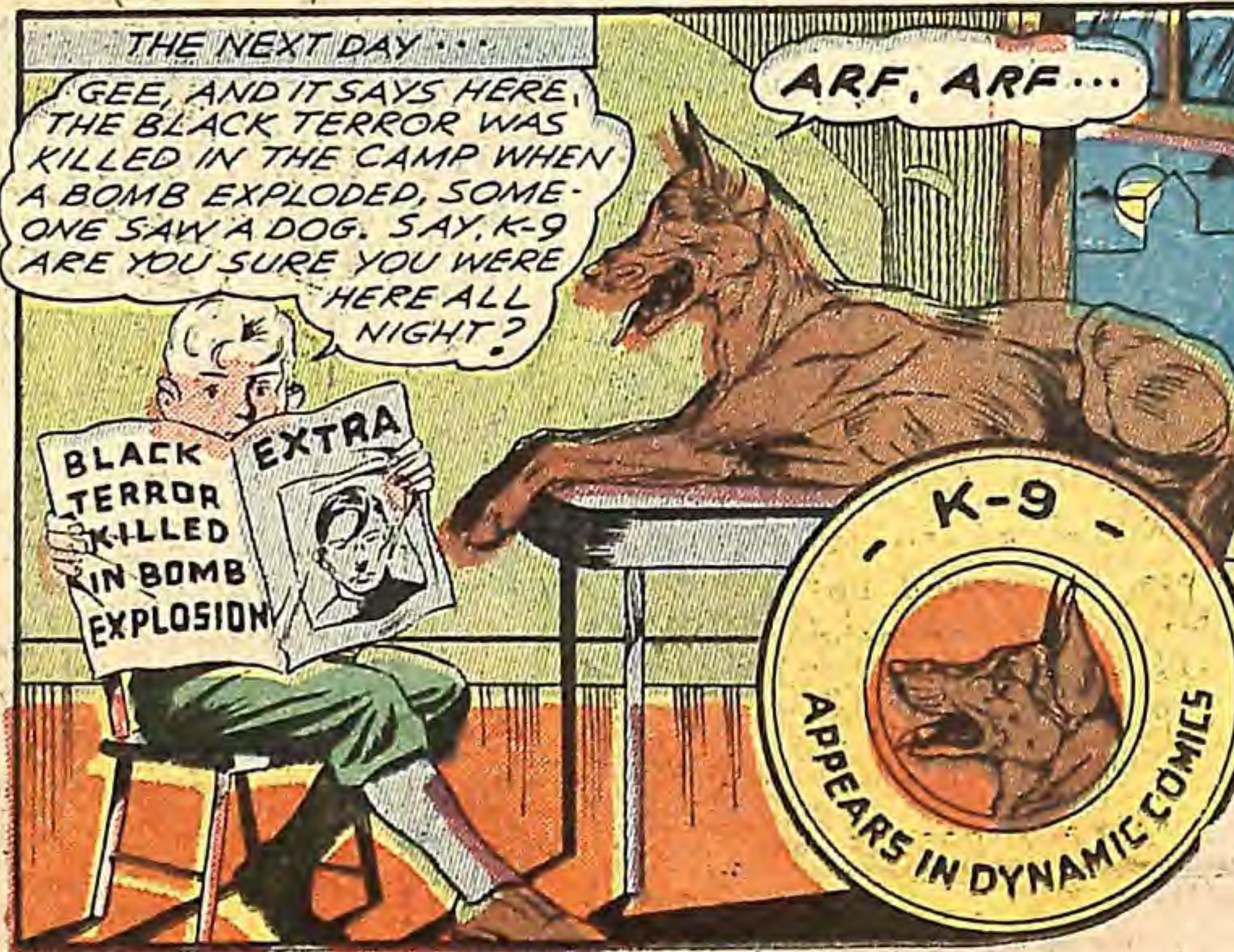
SOUNDS LIKE
SOMETHING SPUTTERING
BEHIND ME.
YIIIIII!



WHAT'S
HAPPENED?
LOOKIT THAT
DOG!

WHEW,
THERE'S A
BODY HERE.

K-9 SUDDENLY RACES FROM THE
ARMY CAMP BACK TO THE HOSPITAL.



THE NEXT DAY...

GEE, AND IT SAYS HERE,
THE BLACK TERROR WAS
KILLED IN THE CAMP WHEN
A BOMB EXPLODED, SOME-
ONE SAW A DOG. SAY, K-9
ARE YOU SURE YOU WERE
HERE ALL
NIGHT?

ARF, ARF...



VICTORY BOYS

The staccato of machine guns on the northend of the small Yugoslavian town died out, as the last of the heroic soldiers, resisting the Nazis, fell by his gun. Suddenly from above, a bomb crashed through the roof of a house. Agonized screams came from within. As the roof came shattering down, a heart piercing scream filled the air, "MOMMY! MOMMY!"

Two hands feverishly dug through the charred ruins of the flaming building struggling to escape the fires that were beginning to rage from within. Finally the last obstacle, a piece of timber was pushed away and a little boy of eight or nine crept to the bomb shattered streets.

Little Maxie lay on the wrecked sidewalks of the vacated town. All others had died or fled from the Nazis. "Mommy," he sobbed, as he looked at the ruins which once were his happy home. Now the tomb of his sick mother killed by the bomb he so miraculously escaped.

Rumblings were heard from the northend of the town. Maxie turned his moist eyes and saw motorized Nazis. At the head of the division was the commander riding in an open car.

Maxie bit his lip and slowly rose. He walked up towards the Nazis. The commander saw little Maxie coming towards him and yelled, "Halt! Ha," he laughed. "So one is still alive in the town."

Maxie strode up to the Nazi

and said, "Yes, you — you butcher!"

"Ha, ha," laughed the commander, "So the little one still has an appetite for a fight."

"Yes," roared Maxie, as he puckered his lips, held his breath and spat into the face of the commander.

Before Maxie could run far, stout arms held him fast.

"Ha, he's a mean little devil," laughed the commander. "A few years in a German orphanage will do him wonders. Soon he will be a good Nazi. Take him away."

... For days, Maxie travelled until he reached a German orphanage near the Black Forest. There the attendants ordered him about. He noticed that there were other boys harshly treated, as himself. However, nothing happened until supper.

The boys marched into the dining room and waited for food. Large trays of steaming vitamins were placed on the tables. Suddenly, the Master of the orphanage yelled, "Heil Hitler!"

The "Heils" roared back from the young orphans. Maxie gritted his teeth and then let loose with a loud, "PFFFTTT!"

A loud laugh echoed from some other boys. Then a cry rang out from them, "VICTORY FOR THE DEMOCRACIES!"

Outraged attendants charged down and began beating the rebels. Maxie felt the sting of a whip upon him. Soon Maxie and five other boys were ushered into a small room.

"Let them starve in there," yelled the Master. "Soon they will be good Hitlerites."

"PFFFTTT!" went Maxie, as the door banged.

"Hello little guy," a tall boy said to Maxie. "I'm Kurt."

"Hello," said Maxie.

"Listen," said Kurt, "We can't keep this up. They'll keep beating us until our spirits are gone. This is your first day here, Maxie, but this has happened for weeks."

"What are we gonna do?" asked a chubby boy.

"Break out!" came back Kurt.

"Listen," he buzzed, —

Several hours later, the door opened. The Master entered. "Now," he said, as he waved a whip, "will you HEIL HITLER!"

He raised his whip, but it never landed. The boys charged, as one, fully organized for battle. The Master was thrown from his feet. Before the other guards could come to his rescue, Kurt had grabbed his gun and yelled, "STOP, OR I'LL KILL YOU!"

The Nazis cowered back.

Kurt commanded, "March with us to the exit!"

Quickly they marched to the exit. The Master opened the gate. Kurt turned at them and yelled, "NOW RUN!"

The Nazis turned and ran as Kurt fired at them.

Then Little Maxie screamed, "VICTORY!" and the boys raced into the Black Forest, to freedom.

THE END

LADY SATAN

AN INSIDE STORY THAT MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN TOLD. A SCHEME HATCHED IN THE WARPED BRAIN OF EUROPE'S MAD DICTATOR TO LOP THE HEADS OFF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONS IN ONE SWIFT STROKE AND TO LEAVE A BLEEDING WORLD HELPLESS AT HIS FEET. A SCHEME SO FANTASTIC THAT IT COULD NOT FAIL... BUT IT DID! THROUGH THE CUNNING AND COURAGE OF THE DARING LADY SATAN.

HARRY A. CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



THE MYSTERIOUS LADY SATAN
ARRIVES IN GERMAN OCCUPIED
PARIS.



LADY, LADY
PLEASE SPARE
ME A FEW
PENNIES,
MY BABY
IS SICK.

MY BABY IS
SICK... FRANCE
IS SICK... THE
PASSWORD.

CERTAINLY, MY
FRIEND... I WILL
TRY TO HELP THE
BABY. LET ME
LOOK AT HER.





SWIFTLY, THE CLOAKED FIGURE CLIMBS THE HANGING IVY.



I MUST LEARN THEIR SECRET. THE FATE OF NATIONS MAY DEPEND ON ME



THIS IS THE MOST SILENT WEAPON.

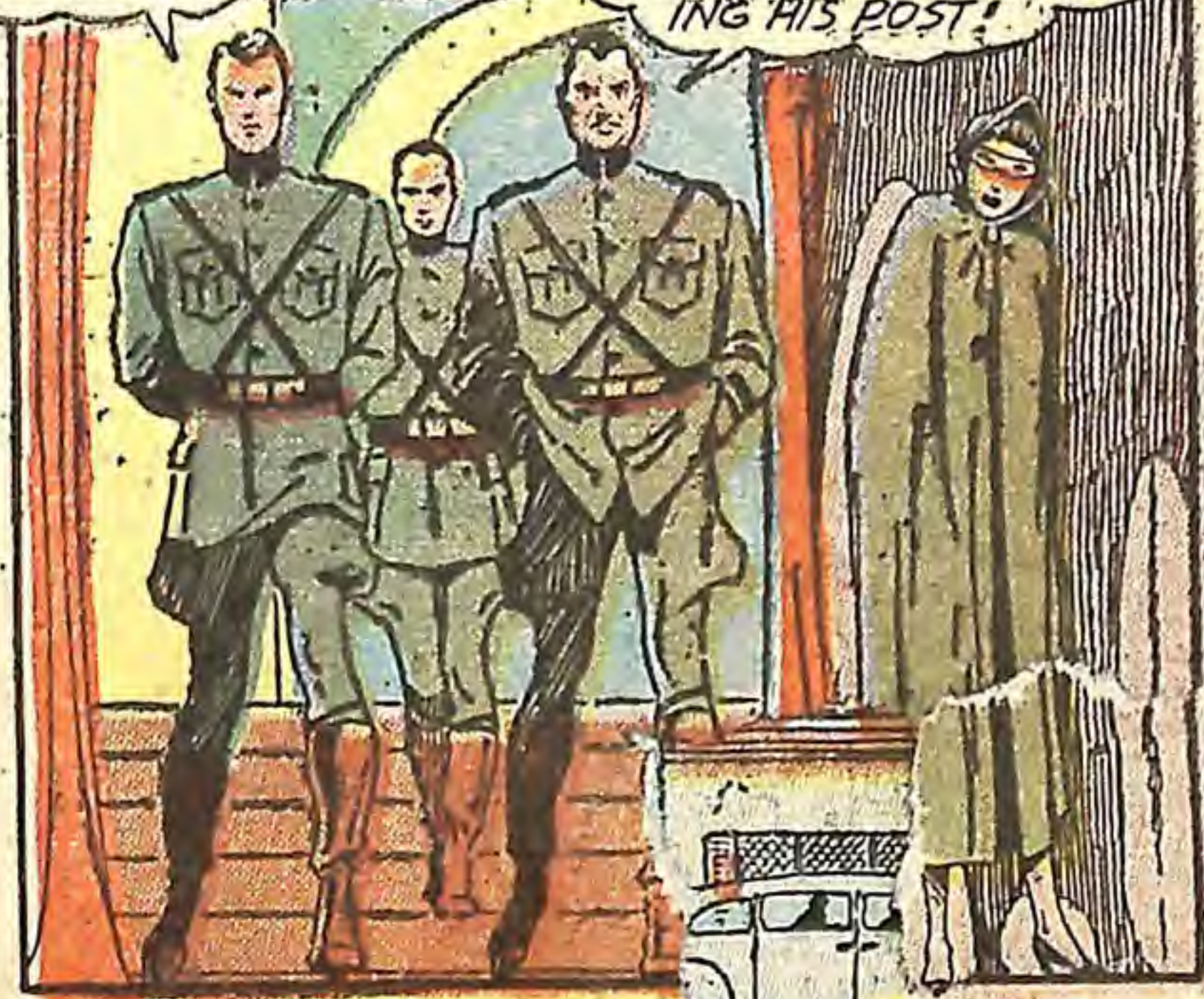


AAAAGGGHH!



WE ARE ON TIME, THE HIGH COMMAND HAS NOT YET ARRIVED.

I STATIONED A GUARD HERE. HE WILL BE SHOT FOR NEGLECTING HIS POST!



GENTLEMEN... THE MEETING WILL BE SHORT. I AM ABOUT TO REQUEST ONE OF YOU TO MAKE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE. THE HEAD OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IS TO MEET THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC.



WE REQUEST ONE OF YOU TO VOLUNTEER TO DISGUISE HIMSELF AS THE HEAD OF THE FREE FRENCH FORCES AND ATTEND THAT MEETING, AND... YOU UNDERSTAND, GENTLEMEN... YOU CANNOT HOPE TO RETURN AFTER YOU HAVE COMPLETED YOUR TASK.



WHEN MY COUNTRY CALLS, IT IS THE ONLY VOICE I HEAR.



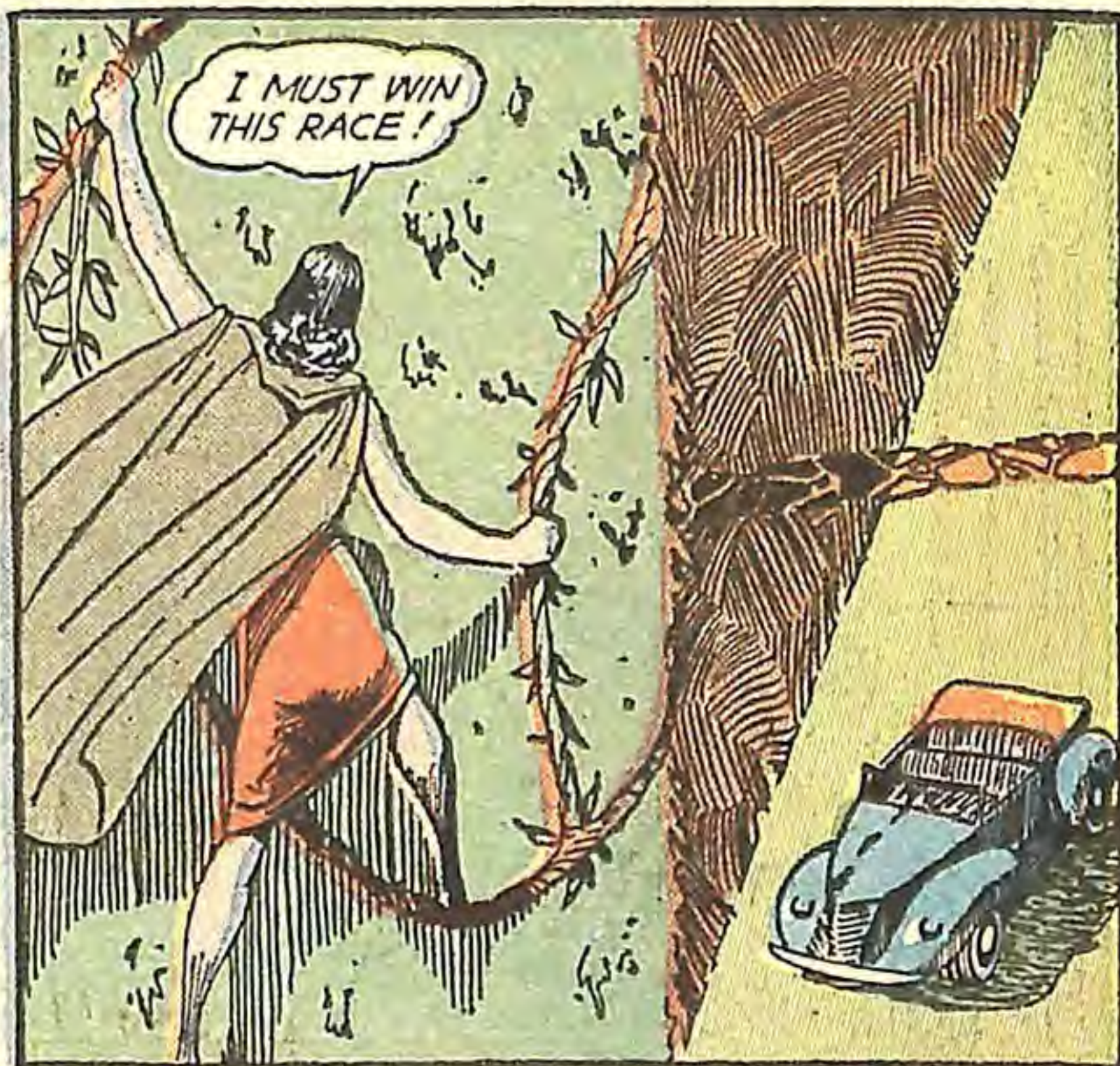
A DEVOTED FANATIC OFFERS HIS LIFE TO THE CAUSE OF THE DICTATORS.



WHEN THE OTHERS LEAVE, LADY SATAN REVEALS HER CLEVER RUSE.



A RUBBER DAGGER FILLED WITH CRIMSON PAINT. AS ITS POINT TOUCHED MY BODY, THE PAINT WAS RELEASED. A VERY HANDY WEAPON.



I MUST WIN THIS RACE!

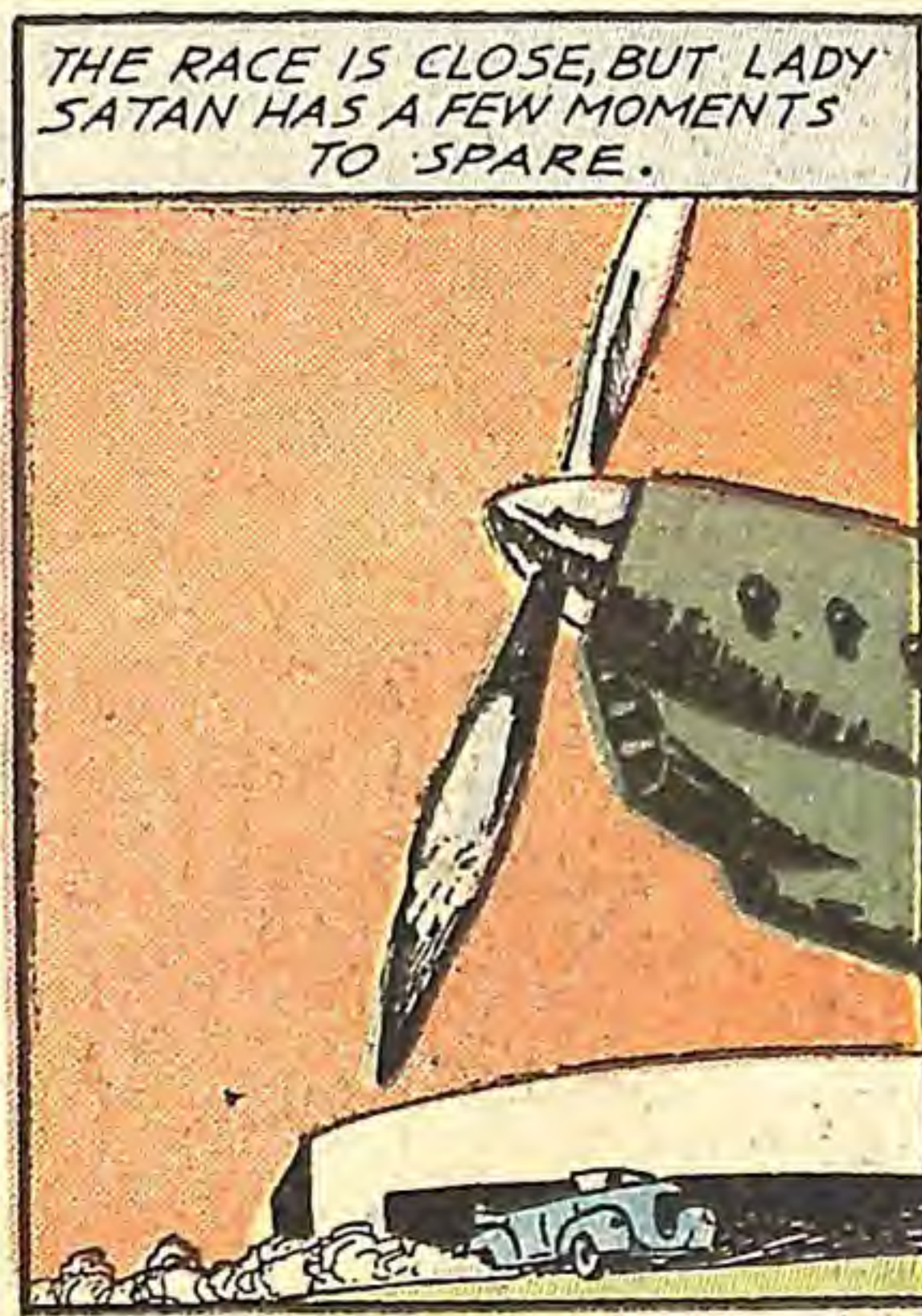


HALT! HALT!

NO TIME FOR DATES WITH YOU, MY FRIEND.



THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME! THIS IS GOING TO BE A REAL RACE FROM DEATH.



THE RACE IS CLOSE, BUT LADY SATAN HAS A FEW MOMENTS TO SPARE.

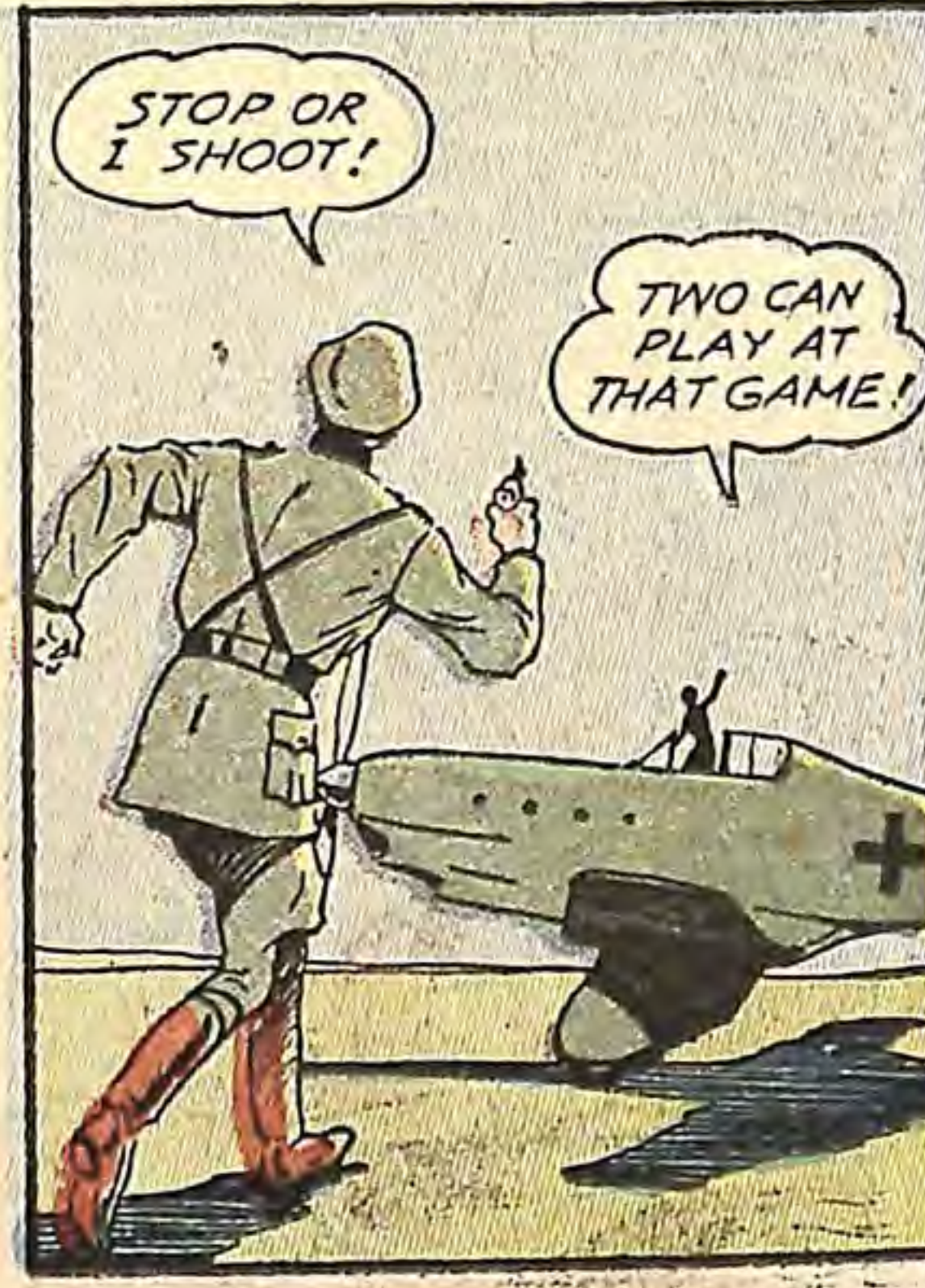


YOU HAVE THE LOCATION AS SUPPLIED BY OUR AGENTS. SHOULD YOU SUCCEED, THE WAR IS WON FOR GERMANY.

I PROMISE TO DO MY BEST.



THAT'S KURT, UP THERE. I HAVE TO GET HIM. HE MUST NOT GET AWAY.



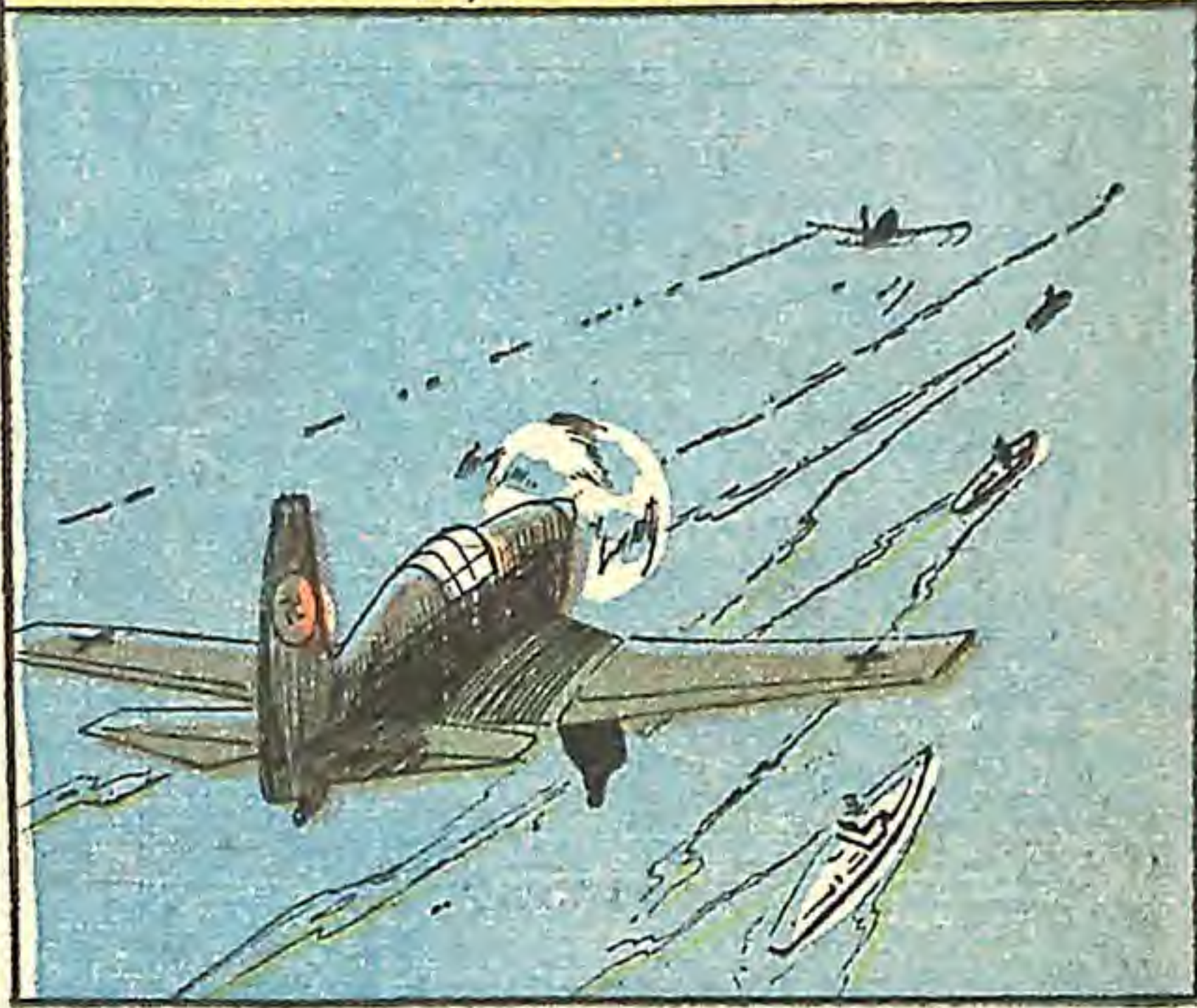
STOP OR I SHOOT!

TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!

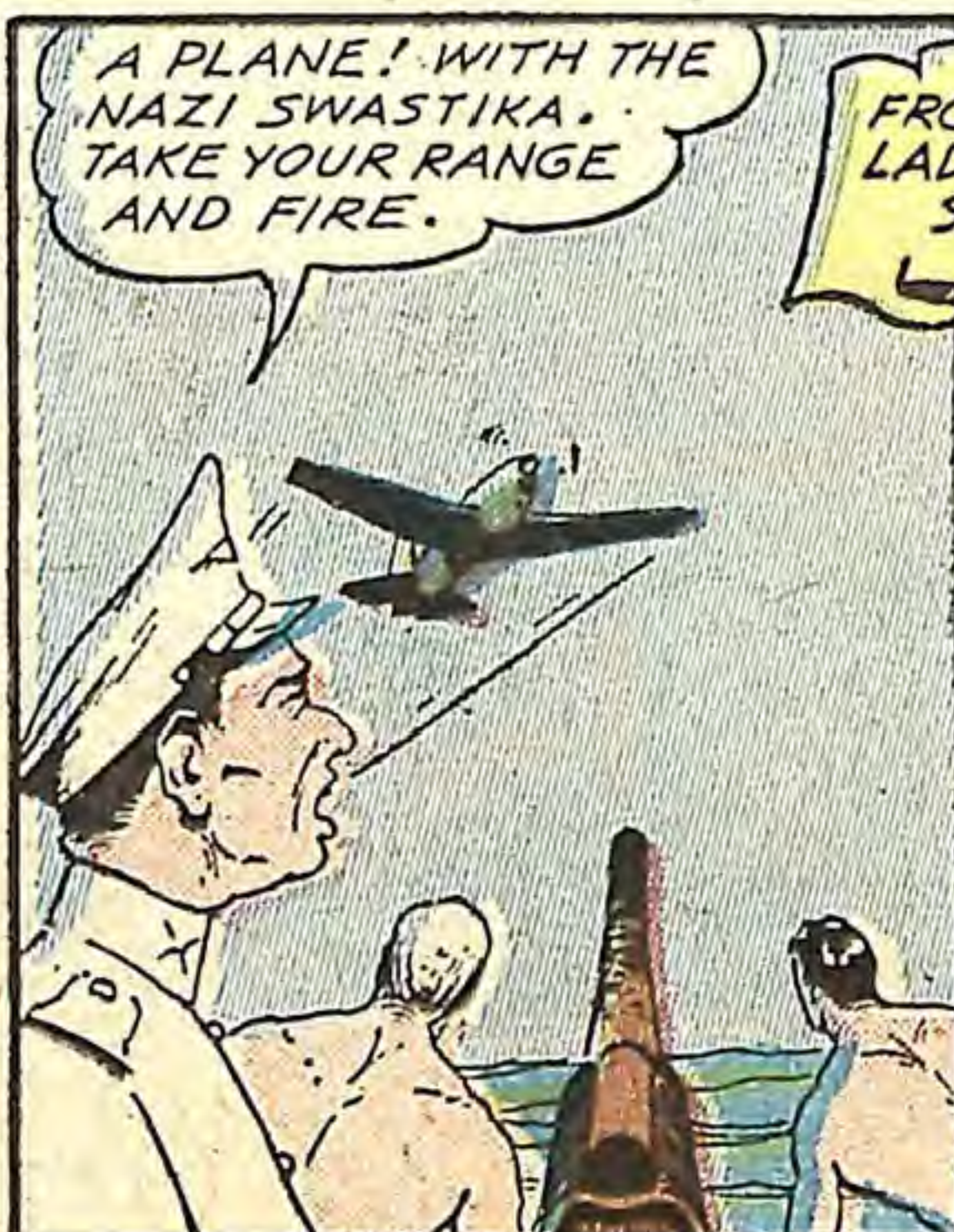
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD, KURT IS READY TO LEAVE...



FAR OUT INTO THE ATLANTIC THE TWO PLANES RACE. ONE ON A DEADLY MISSION, THE OTHER TO STOP IT, IF POSSIBLE.

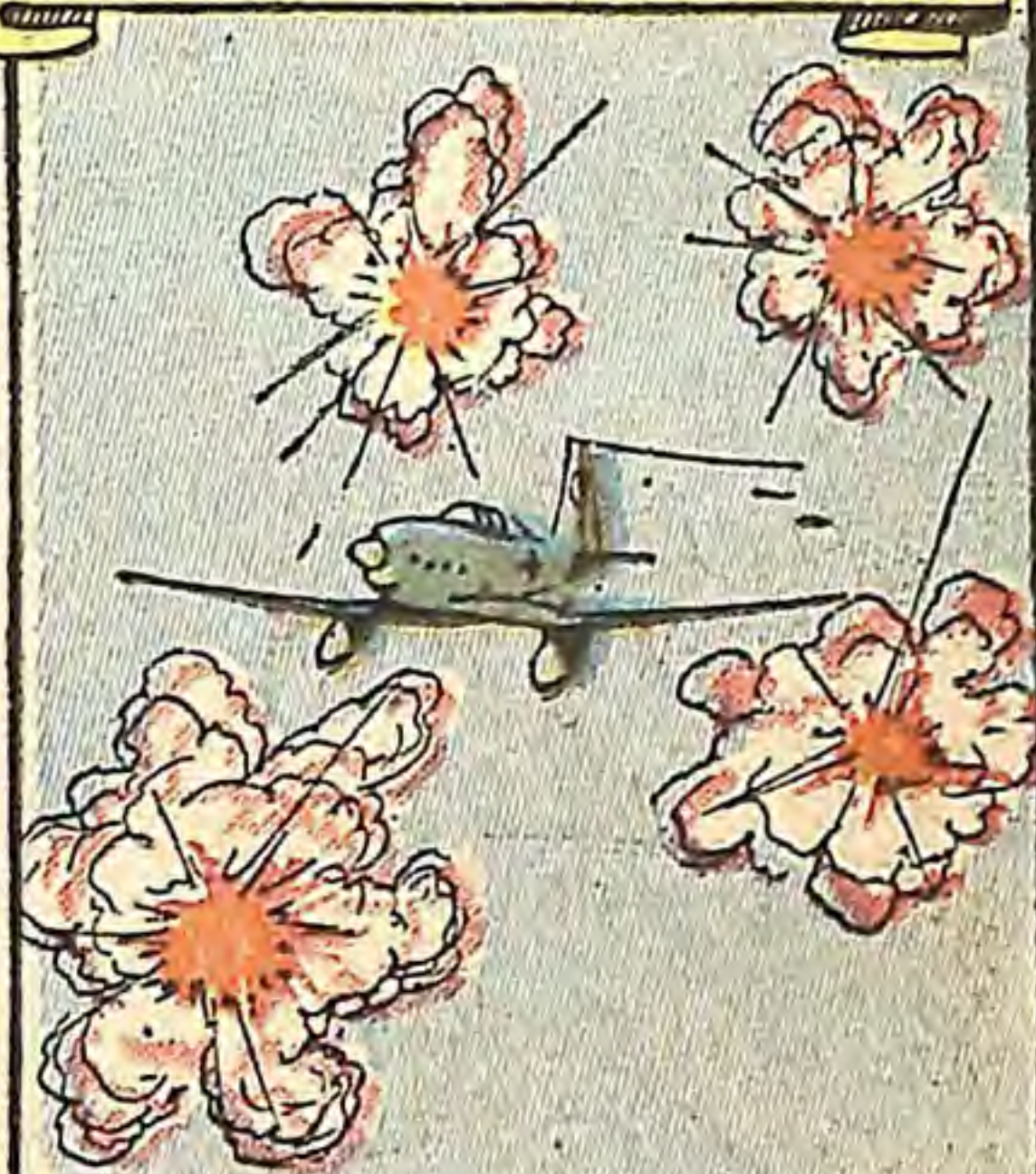


UNAWARE OF THE IMPENDING DANGER, THE RULERS OF TWO GREAT COUNTRIES PREPARE TO WELCOME ANOTHER.

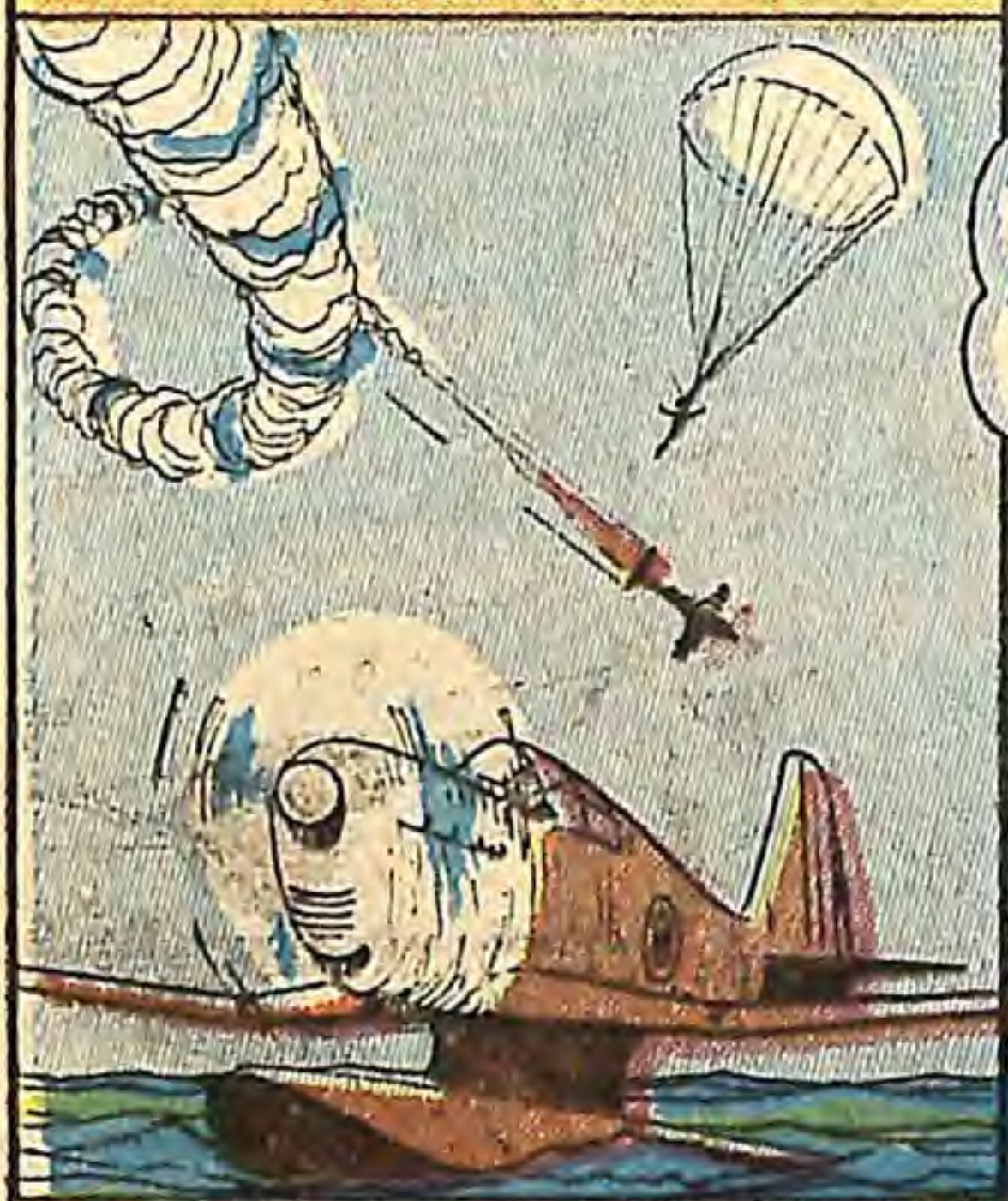


AS THE SECOND PLANE COMES INTO VIEW.

DESPITE THE HAIL OF SHELLS FROM THOSE SHE SEEK TO SAVE, LADY SATAN GALLANTLY KEEPS HER SPEEDY PLANE POINTED FORWARD.



A DIRECT HIT AND LADY SATAN IS FORCED FROM THE BURNING PLANE.



TAKE ME TO THE BATTLE SHIP PRINCE OF WALES, IMMEDIATELY. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.

SORRY, LADY, BUT YOU HAVE ARRIVED UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH WILL REQUIRE THE MOST COMPLETE INVESTIGATION. YOU WILL BE QUARTERED IN ONE OF THE DESTROYERS.



THREATS AND PLEADINGS WILL NOT SWERVE THE LOYAL SAILOR FROM HIS DUTY.

BUT THE LADY OF MYSTERY IS DETERMINED TO COMPLETE HER MISSION.

I KNOW THAT YOU WERE DOING THE RIGHT THING. BUT THE SAFETY OF TWO GREAT MEN DEPENDS ON HOW SOON YOU GET ME TO THE 'WALES', NOW HURRY.



FORCED AT THE POINT OF A GUN, THE SAILORS
TRANSFER HER TO THE BATTLESHIP.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW A
CERTAIN LADY WAS
WAITING FOR ME IN
PARIS... I'D SWEAR
IT WAS HER. BUT NOW
I HAVE WORK!

AND NOW I GO TO MEET
THE TWO GREAT LEADERS
AND SEND THEM TO THEIR
DOOM.

I MUST HURRY...
KURT'S GOING TO
SHOOT THEM DOWN!

AS THE MURDEROUS ASSASSIN IS
ABOUT STRIKE, LADY SATAN HAS
ALREADY LAUNCHED HER ATTACK.

THERE GREAT
ONES, YOU...
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

I HAVE GROWN
TIRED OF
WAITING,
KURT...

I HAVE COME
TO YOU.

THEY HAVE
RIGHTLY
NAMED YOU...
LADY SATAN...
AAAGGGHH!

AND TO THINK,
I THOUGHT SHE
WAS A
FOREIGN
AGENT!

A CLEVER
WOMAN...
AND A
BRAVE
ONE.

I'D LIKE TO
THANK HER
PERSONALLY.
HAVE HER
BROUGHT
HERE.

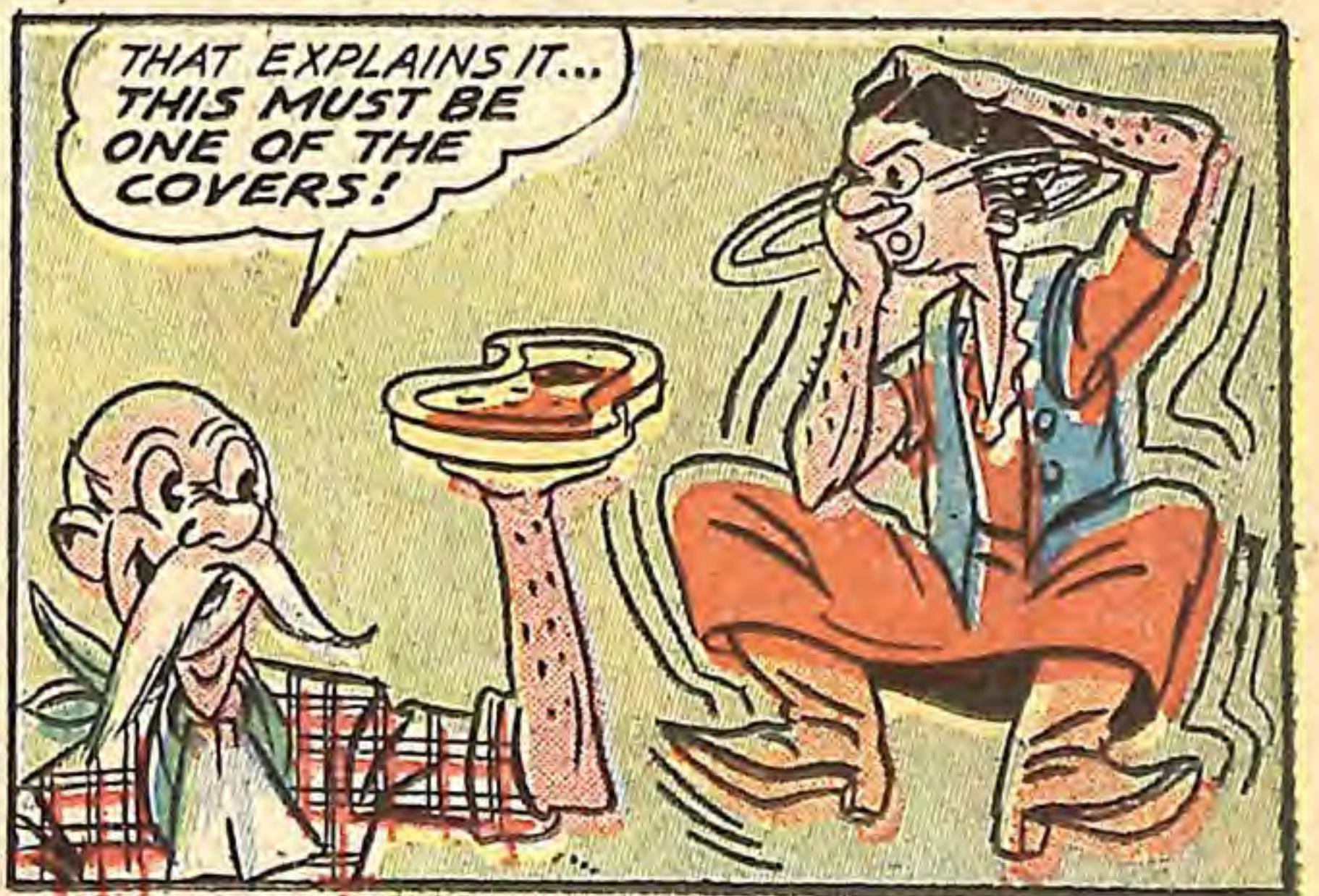
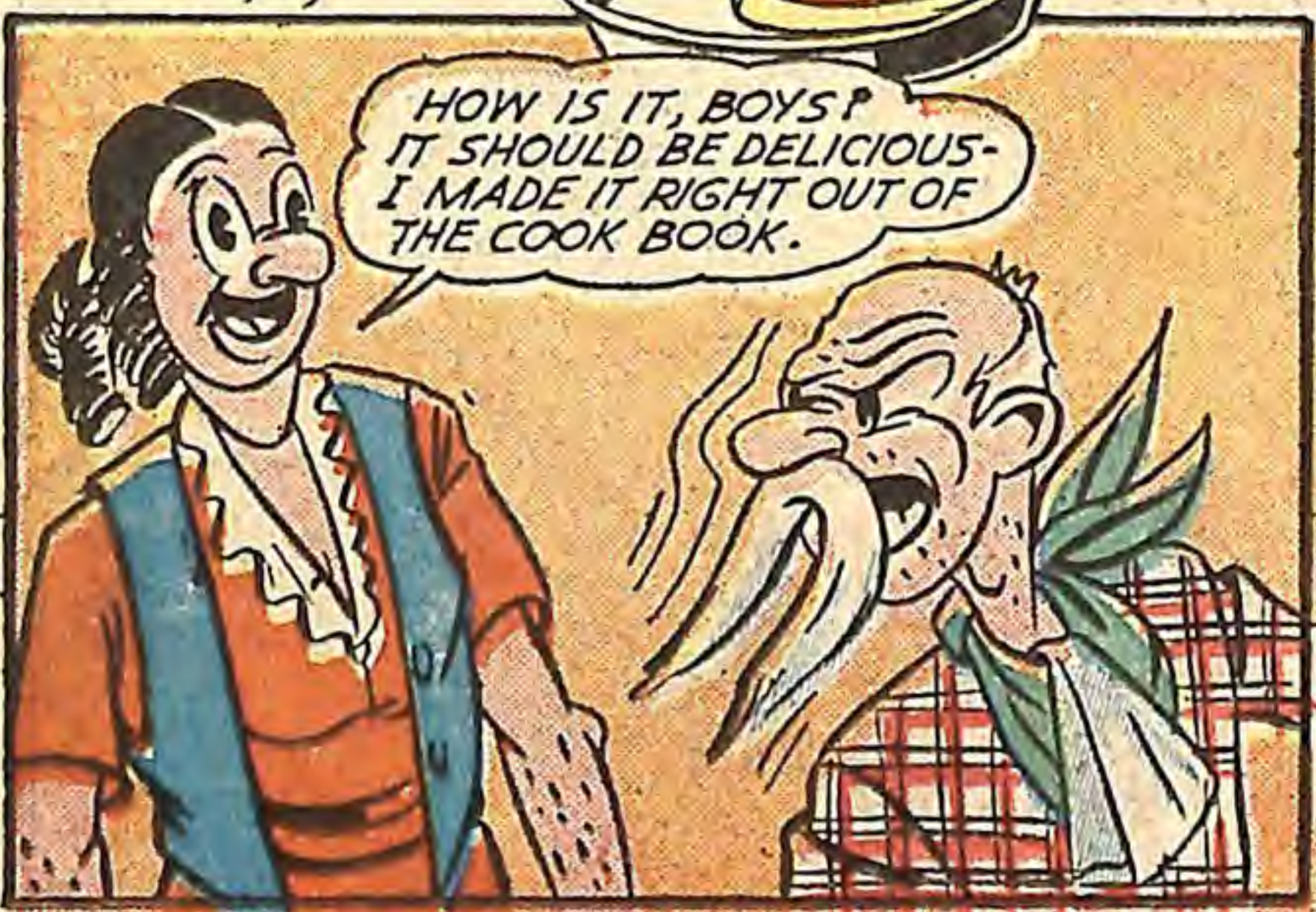
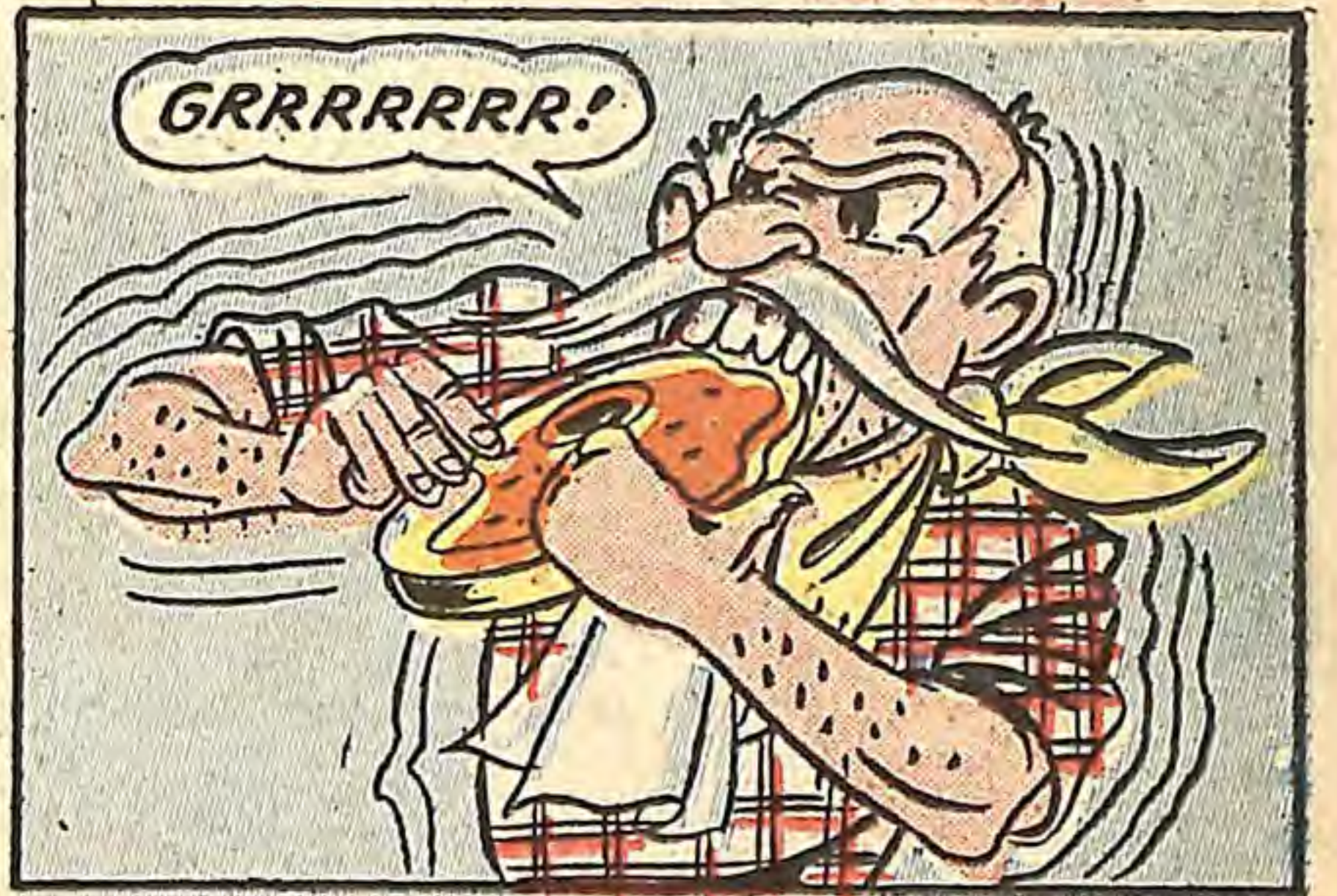
MR. CHURCHILL AND THE
PRESIDENT REQUEST
YOUR PRESENCE, MAM!

I REGRET THAT
I CANNOT COMPLY.
BUT THERE IS
IMPORTANT
WORK FOR ME
IN PARIS... I
CANNOT DELAY
ANY LONGER.

WHOEVER SHE
IS, SHE IS A
GREAT WOMAN!

PERHAPS SOMEDAY
HER FIGHT FOR
LIBERTY AND JUSTICE
WILL NOT HAVE
BEEN IN VAIN.





DYNAMIC BOY



IT TOOK ALL THE
POWER AND CUNNING OF
THE MIGHTY LITTLE DYNAMIC
BOY TO SMASH THE VICIOUS RING
THAT LEFT A TRAIL OF DEATH IN THEIR
DIABOLICAL PLAN TO ROB THE CITY'S
DOCTORS OF THEIR SUPPLY OF DRUGS.



WE'RE FED UP, BOSS... YOU AIN'T GETTIN' US NOTHING!

STOP CRYING. CAN I HELP IT IF THE COPS TIGHTENED DOWN ON THE DOPE RACKET... WE AIN'T GOT NO STUFF TO SELL!



WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?

GET A NEW LEADER, WHO CAN GET THE STUFF!

WHAT? WHO SAID THAT?



I SAID IT AND I MEANT IT!

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE... I'M BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT AND I STAY THAT WAY!

ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE, A DISCONTENTED GROUP OF DISHONEST CHARACTERS MEET.



MY FRIEND WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

WHY YOU, I'LL BLAST THE TWO OF YOU TO ---



MY WAY OF TAKING OVER. GO AHEAD, HIDEOUS!

WHA-- WHA--



AAAAAGHH

SEE, ONE HAND, MY FRIENDS... NOW, IS THERE ANYONE WHO DOUBTS MY ABILITY TO HEAD THIS BUNCH?

NO SIR, ANYTHING YOU SAY, SAY, B-B-BOSS, ANYTHING!



MY METHODS ARE UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU HAVE SEEN. WE REMAIN IN THE SAME BUSINESS, FEEDING DRUGS TO THE WRETCHED USERS WHO WILL PAY ANY PRICE. I WILL SUPPLY THE FOUL STUFF WHICH YOU GENTLEMEN WILL GET RID OF.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, SCREAMING HEADLINES TELL OF ONE TRAGEDY AFTER ANOTHER.

THE NEWS
**DOCTOR BEATEN
FORCED TO GIVE
UP OPIUM**

DAILY TIMES
**PHYSICIAN BEATEN
BY MYSTERIOUS
NARCOTIC THIEF**

DAILY STAR
**DOCTOR MURDERED
IN ATTEMPT TO
PROTECT DRUGS**

AND ALL DOCTORS ARE
HEREBY CAUTIONED, THE
NARCOTIC KILLER IS STILL
ON THE LOOSE!

AT THE HOME OF DR. BROWN,
HIS DAUGHTER AND ADOPTED
SON, KENT BANNING.

DID YOU HEAR
THAT, DADDY...
DO BE CAREFUL
AS TO WHOM YOU
LET IN!

BAH! A
DOCTOR'S
DOOR MUST
ALWAYS BE
OPEN.

PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE
TOLD THE CHILDREN
THAT I TOO HAVE BEEN
WARNED TO TURN OVER
MY SUPPLY OF NARCOTICS.

WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

THE DRUGS,
THE DRUGS!

NEVER! MY SUPPLY OF
NARCOTICS IS USED TO TREAT
PATIENTS, NOT FOR DEVILS
LIKE YOU!

NO DRUGS!
ME KILL!

ME KILL!
ME KILL!

NO! NO!
HELP!

THE
ANGUISH
CRY REACHES
ACROSS
THE HALL.

KENT, IT'S DADDY,
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!

AND I'LL FIND
OUT WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!





HE CAN'T GET FAR!

FLEET AS HE IS, DYNAMIC BOY FINDS THE CREATURE GONE.



HE SURE DID DISAPPEAR FAST! I'LL COMB EVERY SPOT AROUND HERE UNTIL I FIND HIM.



NOT FAR AWAY FROM WHERE DYNAMIC BOY COMBS THE STREETS.

OUR BUSINESS CAN'T FAIL. HIDEOUS GETS THE DRUGS AND WE GET THE MONEY!

RIGHT NOW, BOSS, SLINKY'S IN THERE COLLECTIN' FROM THE DOPES.



LOOK, IT'S HIDEOUS, HE'S EMPTYHANDED!

WHERE'S THE DRUGS, YOU DUMB OX?

BOY, HE MAKE ME GO!



WHAT, NO STUFF? AND LOOK AT ALL THE DOUGH I GOT FROM THE MOB IN THERE!

GIVE ME THE MONEY! GO IN THERE AND CHASE THEM OUT. I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT WILL GIVE US ALL THE STUFF WE NEED!



THE NEWS IS BROKEN TO THE GATHERING OF DRUG WARPED MINDS.

GO ON, BEAT IT. GOME BACK TO-MORROW!

WE DON'T GO UNTIL WE GET THE STUFF!

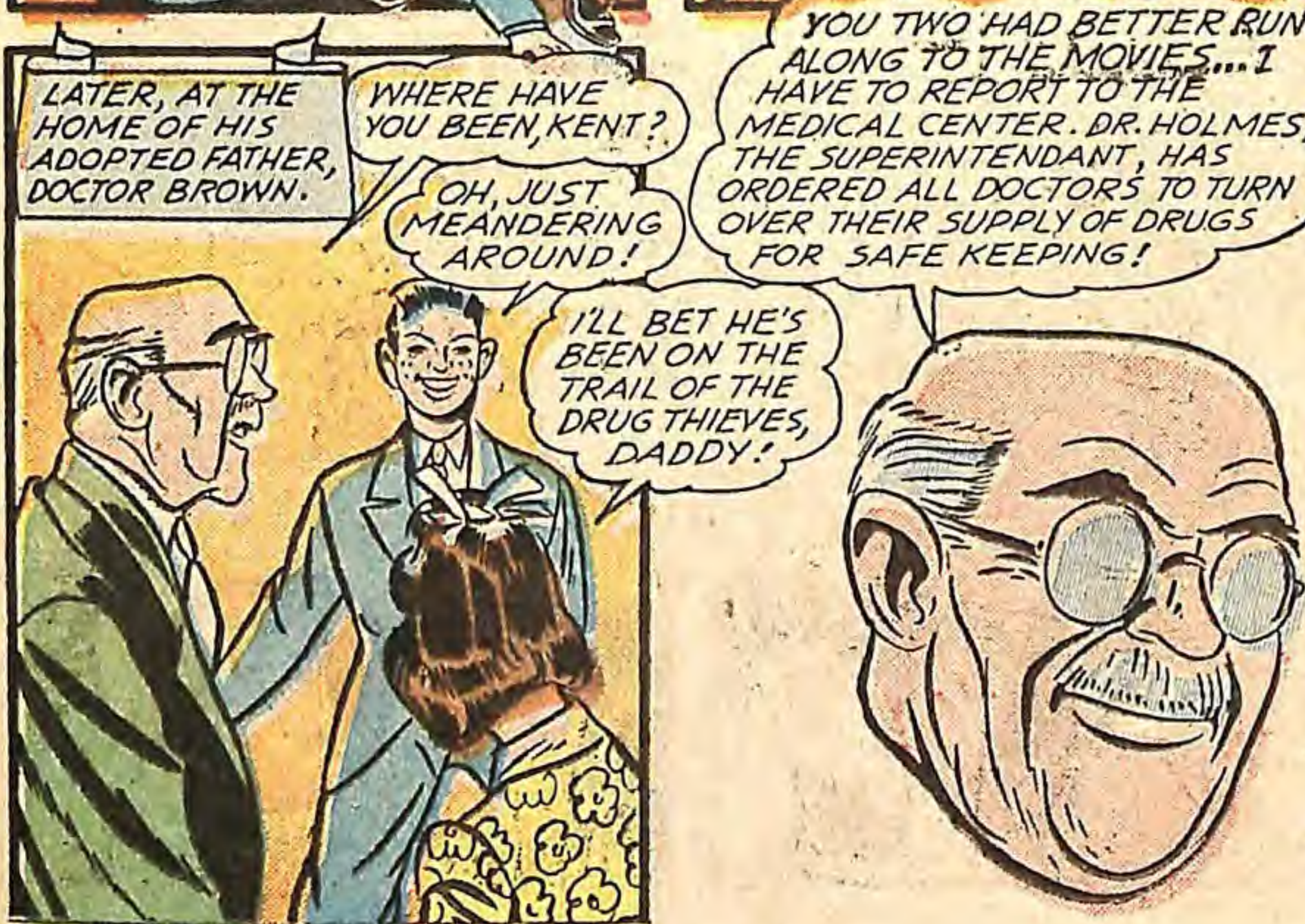


BEAT IT, RATS!



SO THAT'S THE GAME. THE DRUGS ARE STOLEN AND SOLD. HO, I'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO IT RIGHT NOW!

STEAL OUR MONEY AND GIVE US NOTHING FOR IT!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, OUTSIDE THE MEDICAL CENTER BUILDING...

WE'VE DEPOSITED OUR SUPPLY OF DRUGS AS DIRECTED, DR. HOLMES!

GOOD, WHEN NEEDED YOU WILL PRESENT YOUR REQUISITIONS AT THE HOSPITAL. THAT WILL BE ALL, GENTLEMEN!

A PRESENT FOR YOU, MY UGLY DUCKLING!

FOOLS, THEY FELL FOR THE GAG, GRAB THE BUNDLES, HIDEOUS.

BUT YOU WON'T GET FAR!

DYNAMIC BOY, YOU MURDERER!

YOU LITTLE SQUIRT, WHO ARE YOU?

ATTRACTED BY THE SOUND OF THE SCUFFLE THE OTHER DOCTORS RUSH INTO THE ROOM.

YOU SAVED ME TROUBLING OF KNOCKING HIM OUT!

DYNAMIC BOY, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

STOP, STOP! IT'S TRUE, I'VE BEEN BEHIND THE DRUG STEALING RING. I HAD THE IDIOT KILL THOSE WHO REFUSED, I DID IT ALL. I WANTED MONEY!

SPEAK, DR. HOLMES OR I'LL...

THE POLICE HAVE THE OTHERS. THESE WILL COMPLETE THE GANG. GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN!

I STILL THINK DYNAMIC BOY BEARS A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO YOUR ADOPTED SON, KENT.

I THINK SO TOO, BUT HE'S IN THE MOVIES WITH MY DAUGHTER! COME, LET'S DELIVER THE RATS...

THEY ALMOST GUESSED... HA-HA!





Man

"What's keeping that messenger?" wrathfully cried George Marshall, the young attache of the American Consulate in Czechoslovakia. He knew that his Slavish friend, Mako, was soon to be executed by the Nazis. "But where?" he thought.

His heart was palpitating violently. His mind was whirling. He remembered Mako saying, "Marshy, I've got to go on an important mission. The hour may be near when Czechoslovakia will be free. If I don't come back, deliver these letters to my wife, she's hiding in the village of Braver."

"Jiggers," roared Marshall, "I'm no letter carrier. I'll make that punk carry his own mail. Even if it means my — — —."

His voice faded into the night, and he felt the veins in his temple throbbing. It sounded like the stampeding of cattle on the sage. Then he thought of how he first met Mako.

He was roasting a steak in the Black Forest. Suddenly, he was startled by a crashing in back of him. He turned and saw a giant boar charging at him. He vainly reached for his gun. TOO LATE! The boar was on top of him. The beast, charging straight for him, knocked him to the ground, on his back. Bracing itself, the boar prepared to administer the "coup-de-grace," when a laughing voice broke into the scene. "Oh no, overgrown pig. It is you who must die!"

Turning his head, George saw

a powerful, muscular Slav leap at the beast. Over and over they rolled. A knife was repeatedly flashing in the sun, until it was swathed in blood. Then the Slav rose to his feet and said, "My name's Mako. I'll be glad to join you in a meal."

They sat by the fire and for hours Mako told him about the downfall of the Czechs. He recalled, hot tears rolling down the Czech's face as he said, "CZECHOSLOVAKIA WILL BE FREE."

Then Marshall recalled how he promised Mako, and the Victory Movement, his help, in fighting against the Nazi regime.

Suddenly, the door opened. The past quickly fled from Marshall's mind, as Kurt, the messenger, rushed in to the room. "Marshall," Kurt cried out, "all is not lost. The Nazis are taking Mako by car to their torture chambers, in the secret police headquarters. They should pass the old bayside in ten minutes."

With the speed of lightning, Marshall quickly changed his clothing. Soon his sturdy and powerful body was cloaked in the V-MAN uniform. The garments that meant doom for the Nazi regime. "VICTORY!" cried Marshall, as he raced into the night.

The car of the Gestapo screeched around a bend in the road and continued to speed along the bayside.

"Ha," sneered the Gestapo Chief. "So you think the Gestapo will let you keep a silent

tongue in your mouth for long? Soon you will talk. Ach! The tortures make all silent people very pleasant and informative."

Mako grimaced. With every throb of his veins he swore that he would withstand all torture until he died.

Suddenly, the car screeched and swerved as it came to a quick stop.

"What is it?" inquired the Gestapo Chief.

"A log in the road," the chauffeur retorted. "I'll remove it."

As the chauffeur stepped out of the car a crushing blow felled him. Inside the car the Nazi chief looked and screamed: "V-MAN!"

"Yes," cried Marshall, as he leaped into the car. He smashed the two remaining Nazis. Grabbing the Chief, V-MAN sent a terrific blow to his jaw and knocked the Nazi, unconscious, to the floor of the car. One of the Nazis whipped out his revolver, but, before he could aim, V-MAN sent his foot crashing into his stomach. As the German panted and tried to catch his breath, Marshall let loose with a round-house and sent the Nazi flying out of the car. Quickly he untied Mako, and they both fled into the forest.

Several hours later, Marshall shook hands with Mako and handed him a package of letters. "And what's more Mako," he said, "you can be your own delivery boy."

THE END

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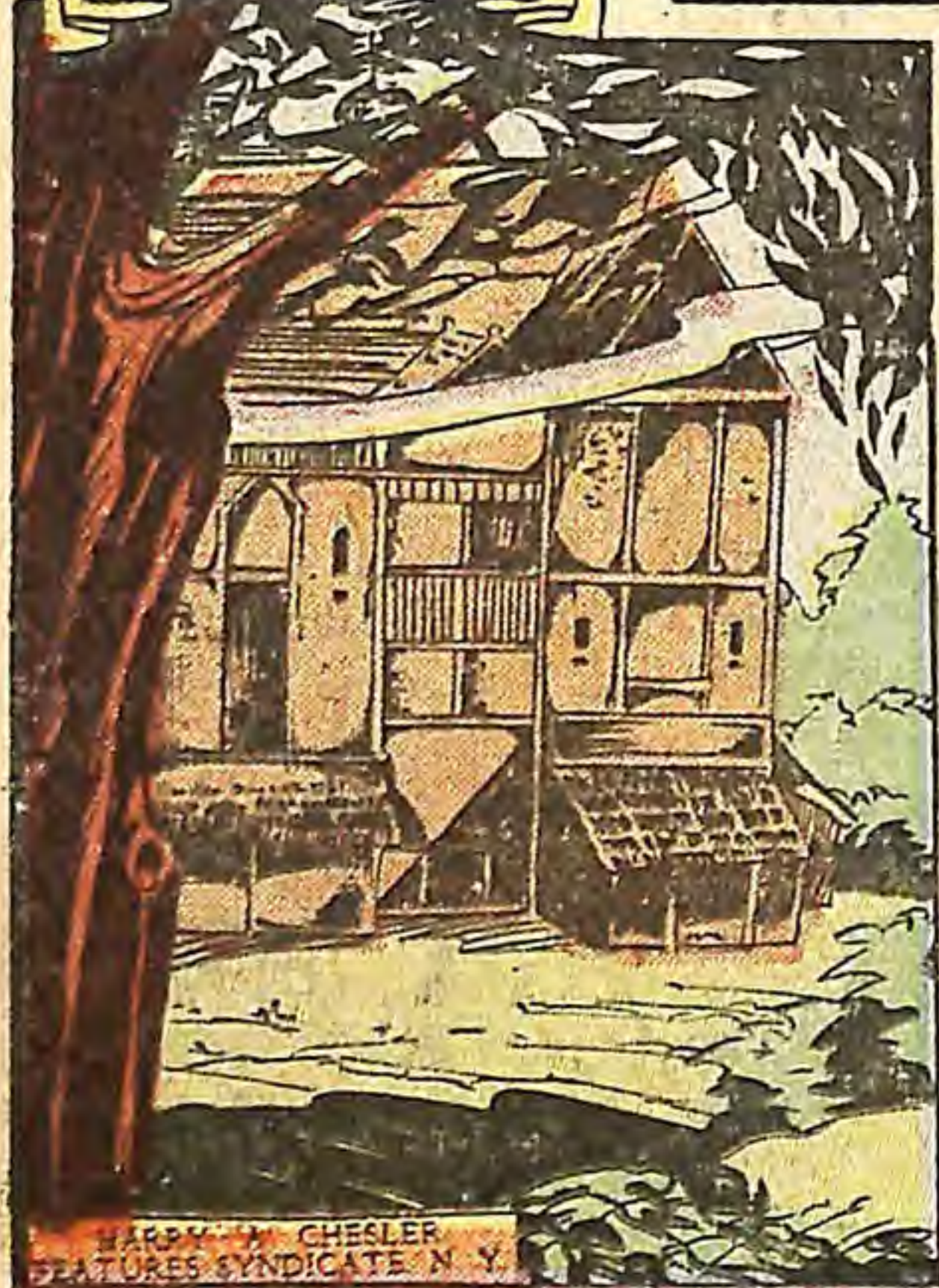


WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY

OF THE
ROBED MURDERER THAT FLITTED
THROUGH THE OLD JONATHAN
MANSION? TO SOLVE THIS BAF-
FLING RIDDLE, THE ACE INVES-
TIGATOR, LUCKY COYNE, AND HIS
PAL RISKED THEIR NECKS... BUT
TO THIS DAY, NO WRITTEN ACCOUNT
OF THE CRIME CAN BE FOUND IN
THEIR FILES. IT REMAINS A
SECRET, LOCKED IN THEIR HEARTS
FOREVER.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS
OF TOWN STANDS
THE OLD JONATHAN
MANSION.

A DOOR CREAKS,
AND STEALTHILY
THE FORM CREEPS
FORWARD.



EACH MIDNIGHT, WHEN THE
MOON IS FULL, A SILENT
FORM GLIDES THROUGH
THE EMPTY HALLS.





SOON THE TWO INVESTIGATORS REACH THE DREARY DRIVEWAY THAT LEADS TO THE SECLUDED JONATHAN MANSION.



THIS IS DR. KNOWLES. THESE MEN ARE TAKING THE CASE, DOCTOR.

MARTHA, I WISH YOU HAD TALKED TO ME BEFORE CONSULTING THEM.



...AND THIS IS PETER. HE HAS BEEN WITH US FOR YEARS.



AND THIS IS MY STEP-MOTHER AND MY OWN FATHER. LUCKY COYNE AND TERRY, THEY ARE TAKING THE CASE.

I CAN ASSURE YOU THE CASE WILL GO NO FURTHER THAN US, SIR!

I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY SHOULD...



THE WILL OF THE DEAD UNCLE. I MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING HERE.

GIVE ME THAT. YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO SNOOP IN MY BROTHER'S PAPERS.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE TERRACE.

THAT WILL HAD ONLY ONE SENTENCE. IT LEFT ALL THE UNCLE'S MONEY TO HIS BROTHER, WHO IS MARTHA'S FATHER.



THAT NIGHT, AS THE CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN.

I DO NOT KNOW IF THE KILLER WILL STRIKE AGAIN, BUT PLEASE WATCH OUT.

WE'LL BE ON GUARD, MISS MARTHA.



LATER, AS THE LAST STROKE OF TWELVE FADES AWAY...



ONCE AGAIN, THE SILENT ROBED FIGURE STALKS WITH CAT-LIKE TREAD...





AS LUCKY TRIES, IN VAIN, TO CONDUCT AN INVESTIGATION...

NOW THAT WE'RE ALL HERE... YOU'LL HAVE TO BEGIN ONE BY ONE AND ACCOUNT FOR YOUR WHEREABOUTS THIS EVE.....



THIS IS GETTING TOO DARN SERIOUS. I'M GETTING REAL PROTECTION FROM NOW ON. YOU TWO ARE DISCHARGED.



A SILENT FIGURE CLOSELY VIEWS THE PROCEEDINGS.



LOOK! SOMEONE'S AT THE WINDOW!

THAT'S WORK FOR US, TERRY!

RIGHT!



NO TIME FOR OPENING DOORS!



WE'RE GAINING ON HIM, LUCKY!

WATCH THIS!



YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THIS TIME!

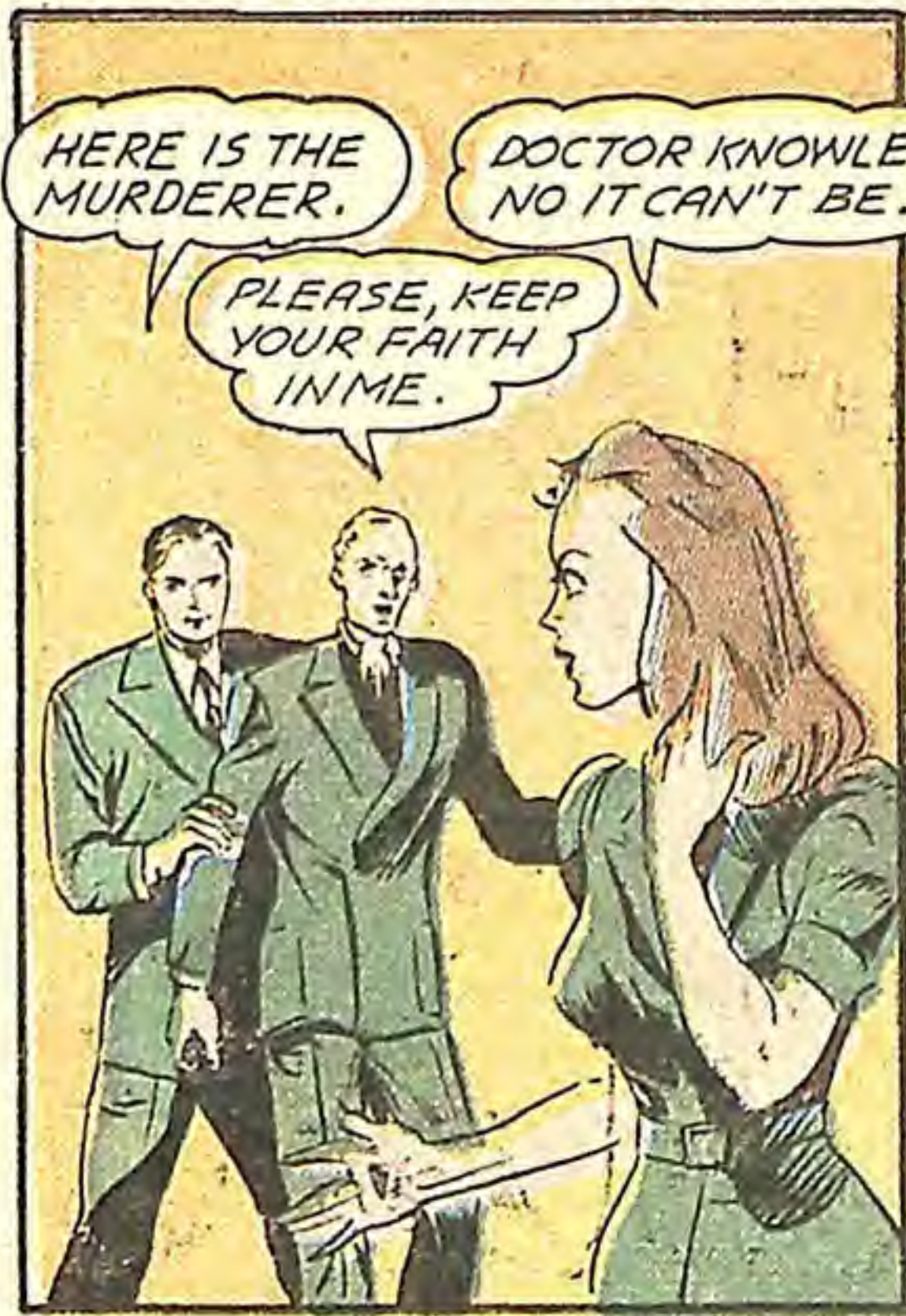
WHY YOU, I'LL...

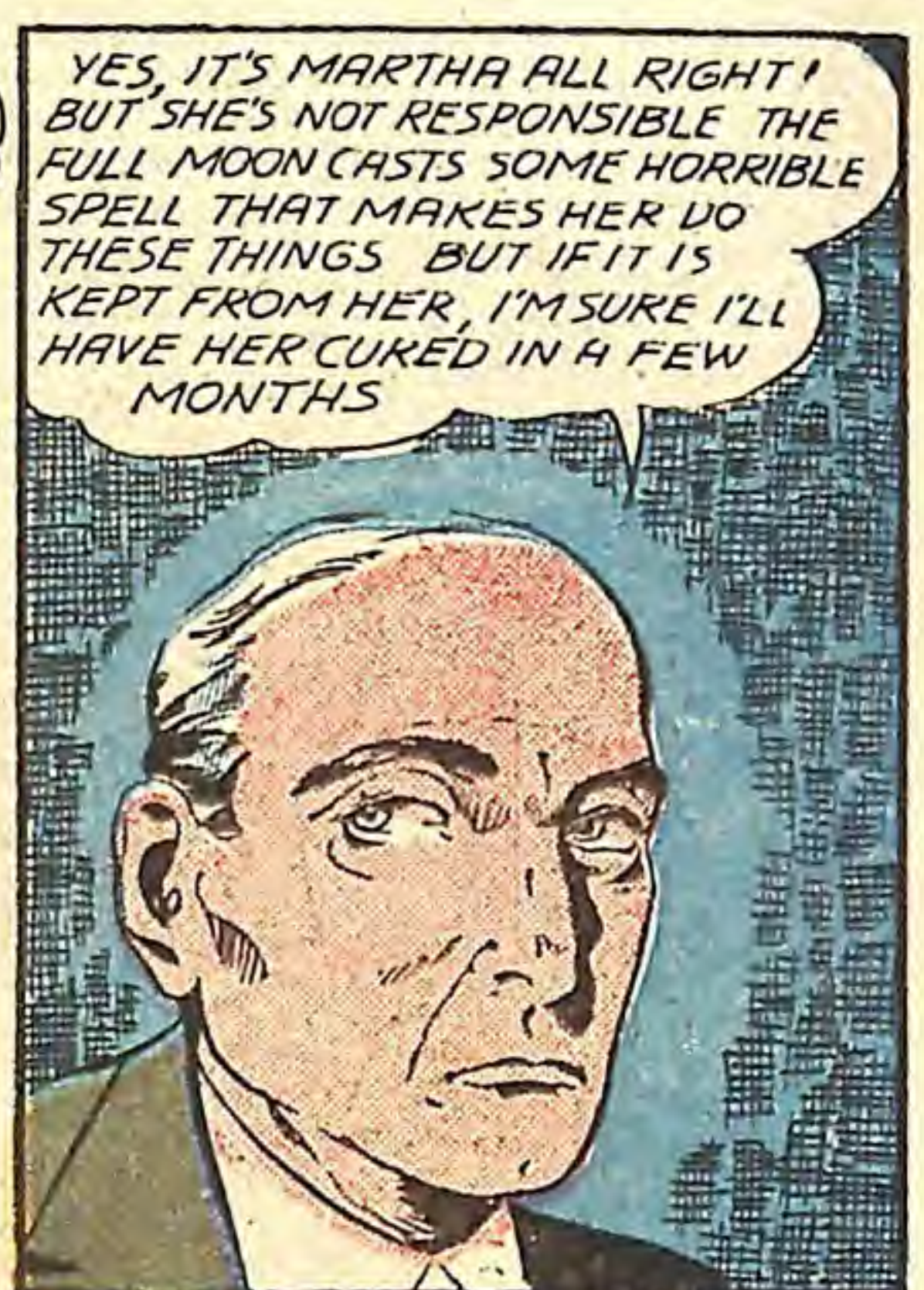
DO NOTHING! GET A LOAD OF THIS!



NOW WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THIS BABY!







STAMP-O-GRAMS

EXTRA! POSTAL TRUCKS STOLEN.

TWO POSTAL TRUCKS
HAVE BEEN STOLEN
IN LONDON, ENGLAND,
SINCE THE BLACK OUTS
HAVE BEEN IN
FORCE.

I SAY,
MY DEAR
WATSON!

STAMP POTRAITS



BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN
WITH THE
POSSIBLE
EXCEPTION
OF
GEORGE
WASHINGTON,
FRANKLIN'S
PICTURE HAS
APPEARED ON

MORE U.S. POSTAGE STAMPS
THAN ANY OTHER INDIVIDUAL
IN THE HISTORY OF THIS
COUNTRY.

STAMP PICTURES



RADIO
AND
MOVIE FANS
WILL BE
SURPRISED
TO KNOW
THAT
"LANNY
ROSS"
THE POPULAR
SINGER
IS AN ARDENT
STAMP
COLLECTOR.

STAMP NEWS



ONE AFTERMATH
OF THE HINDENBURG
TRAGEDY IS THE
DEMAND FOR
STAMPS, EITHER
SCORCHED OR
CRUMPLED, THAT
SURVIVED THE
ZEPPLIN DISASTER
OF THE 240-LBS.
OF MAIL ON
THE AIR SHIP
ONLY 250 LETTERS
WERE SAVED TO
DATE ONLY FOUR
CRASH COVERS
HAVE TURNED UP IN THE
OPEN MARKET, DEALERS
OFFERING AS HIGH AS \$100.

NEW STAMPS

IT MUST BE WITH COMPLETE
UNDERSTANDING THAT THE
PEOPLES IN, ROUMANIAN,
JUGOSLAVIAN AND CZECH-
OSLOAKIA VIEW THE DOUBLE
CROSS ON THEIR STAMPS



ONE FOR THE ALBUM

POSTAGE FREE PROVIDING
YOU ARE NOT CAUGHT.

ADDRESS AN ENVELOPE TO
YOURSELF BUT PLACE THE REAL
ADDRESSEE'S NAME AND ADDRESS
IN THE UPPER LEFT HAND
CORNER. DROP IT IN THE
MAIL BOX AND IT WILL
BE "RETURNED FOR
POSTAGE" TO THE
PERSON FOR WHOM
YOU INTENDED
IT.



STAMP ODDITIES.

EVIDENCE OF THE LOYALTY OF
AMERICAN SOLDIERS DURING THE
FIRST WORLD WAR ARE RECORDED
IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

OF THE 50,000 LETTERS
HELD UP BY CENSOR AND SUB-
MITTED TO CHEMICAL TESTS
FOR INFORMATION OF VALUE
TO THE ENEMY, BY USING INVISIBLE
INK. ONLY ONE CASE OF ACTUAL
TREACHERY BY A MEMBER OF
THE A.E.F. WAS FOUND.

ODD NAMES

OF U.S. POST
OFFICES.

"BOW"
KENTUCKY

"ARROW"
PENNSYLVANIA

"AMIGO"
WEST VIRGINIA

"FRIEND"
KANSAS

"AQUA"
VIRGINIA

"WATER"
ARKANSAS

"LIBERTY"
ILLINOIS

"BELL"
FLORIDA

THE Green Knight

NEVER SEEKING THOSE POOR AND WRETCHED PEOPLE WHO NEED A STRONG HAND TO GUIDE THEM...THE GREEN KNIGHT, AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION, LANCE, STUMBLE INTO AN ADVENTURE... MORE BLOODY THAN THE DAYS WHEN CUTTHROATS ROAMED THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

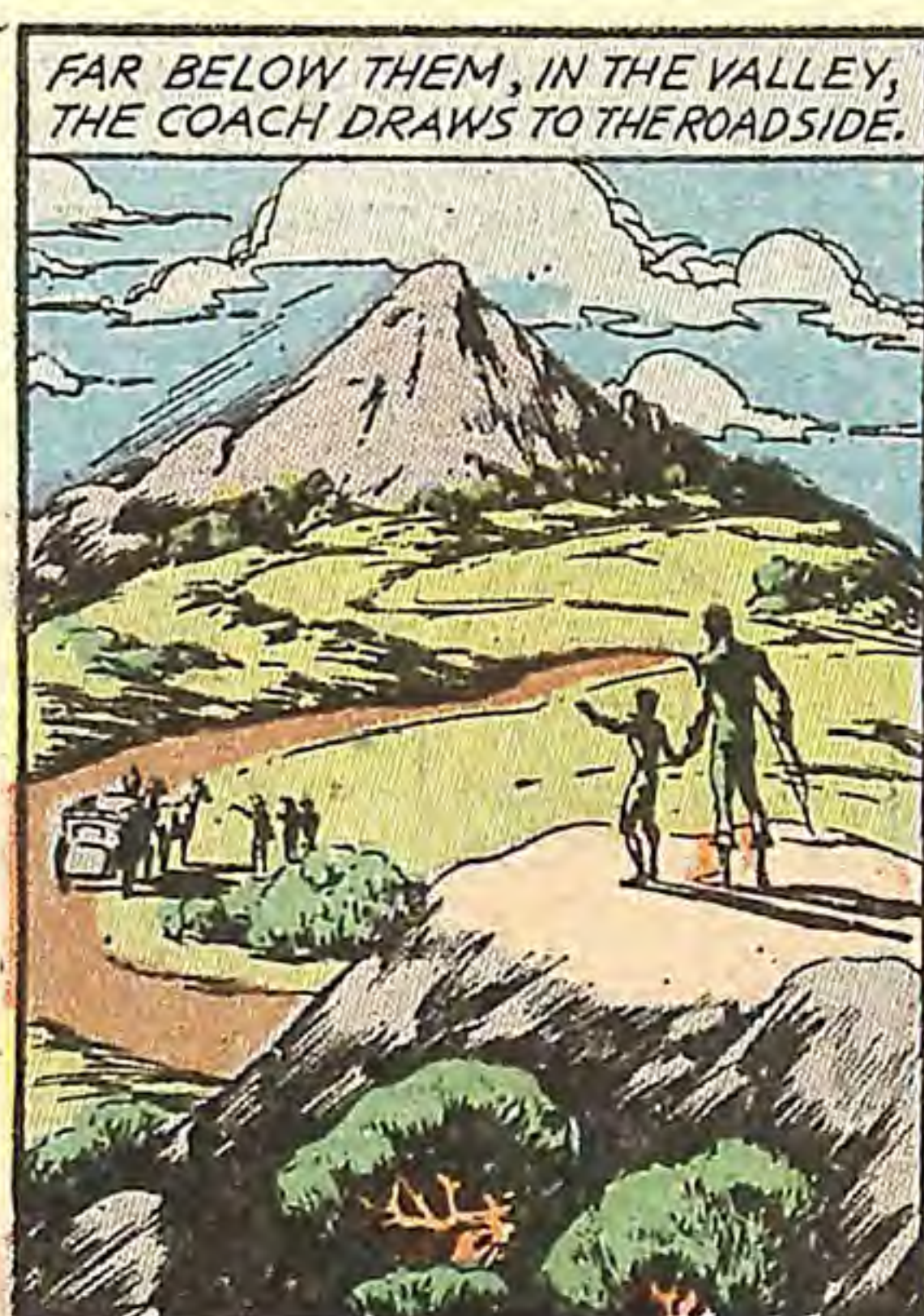
HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

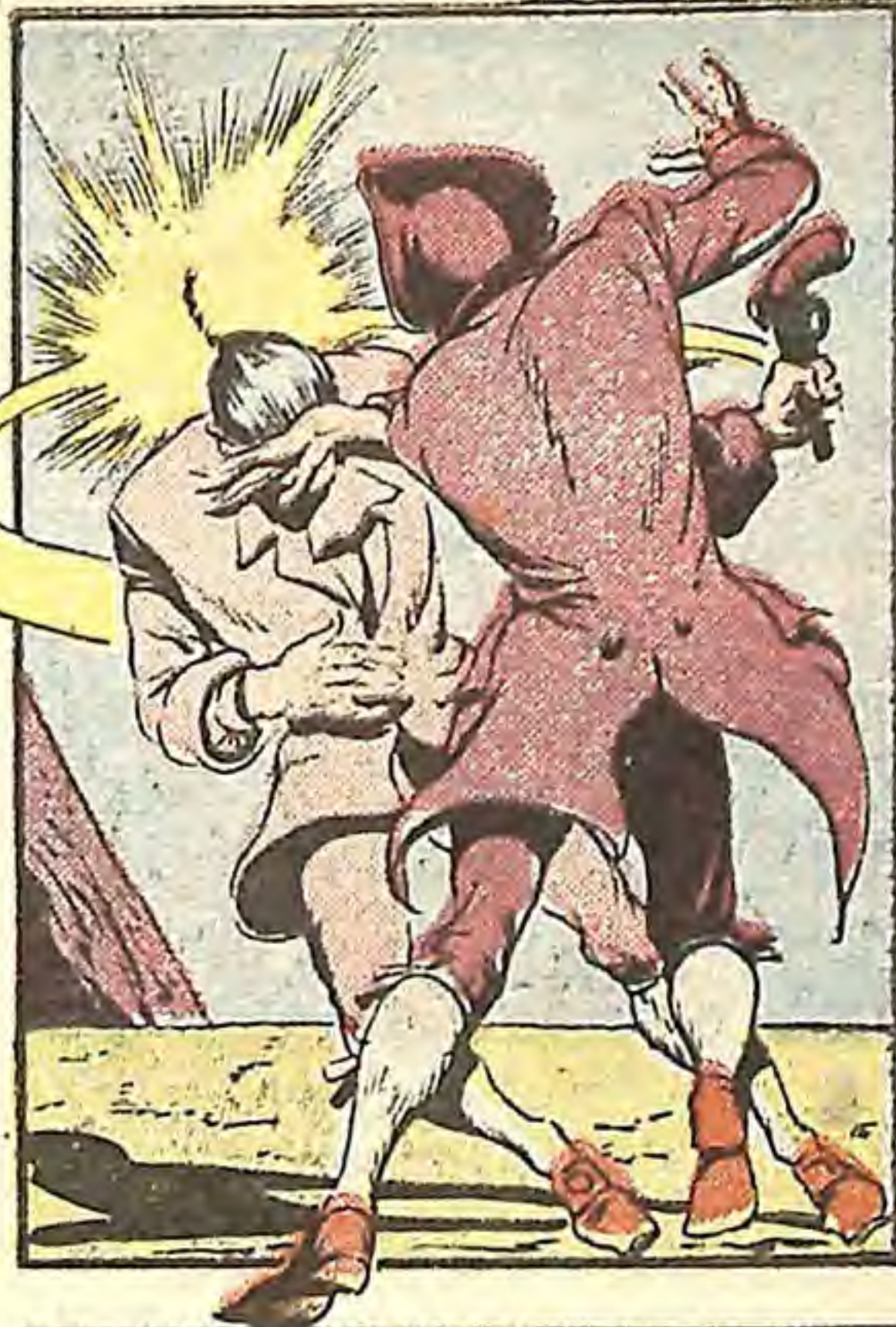














THE NIGHTHAWK

"Oh," yawned Jane, as she stared at the planes that lined the airfield of the Curry Airplane Company. "Dad," she asked, "how much longer must we stay here?"

"Another hour," replied her father. "The British officials will soon arrive to take the planes."

Suddenly Jane laughed, "Dad," she said, "will you do me a favor?"

"Sure," he replied.

Jane gulped, and then a silly grin gathered in the corner of her lips, "Let me write good luck on the motors of the planes?"

"Alright," laughed her father.

Jane, her father and Jack Filan, in reality the Nighthawk, the most feared enemy of crime, walked over to the plane.

Jack watched Jane as she began to write on the hoods of the motors. Suddenly he chuckled to himself, "What a silly kid. SHE'S USING LIPSTICK!"

As Jane was busy writing, other hands were working near the northgate. A heavy club crashed down on the watchman's head, and a silent band of men entered the airfield. Silently they made their way to the hangar nearest the plane.

"What the!" exclaimed the Green Skull, leader of the intruders, as he saw Jane writing on the planes. "We got to work fast! The Nazis are waiting for these planes."

"Okay baby," he yelled, "school is closed. Put down that pencil."

Jack turned and saw the Green Skull and his gang. One of the thugs tried to hit him with a club, but Jack ducked and sent a terrific blow to the gangster's jaw sending him spinning into the others.

For a moment, Jack's sudden attack startled the thugs, and in that second Jack swiftly raced past them. "Don't worry Jane," he yelled, "I'm going for the police."

Jack dashed into a hangar, and quickly changed into his Nighthawk uniform.

As the thugs were about to board the planes and take off, there, in front of them stood a husky, masked figure.

"It's Nighthawk!" yelled the Green Skull. "Get him!"

Instantly Nighthawk charged into the gangsters sending a steady stream of blows into them. When suddenly, a heavy club crashed on his head.

It was about an hour later, that Jack came to. The planes and all were gone. "They've kidnapped Jane," he cried. "I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!" Jack was worried. It was almost impossible to decide which way the thieves had gone, when suddenly he spied small red spots on the concrete runway. More and more of them, all heading north.

He began to run in that direction. Every once in a while, he stopped on a concrete roadway, saw what he wanted on the roadway and raced on.

Suddenly Nighthawk stopped. Below him was a valley. He looked carefully and saw a well camouflaged hangar in the valley. Slowly, he crept toward it.

Inside the hangar stood the planes. Near them a Nazi officer was talking to Jane and her father. "Mr. Curry, you and your daughter will soon leave for Germany where you will manufacture planes. Refuse, and your daughter dies!" The commander turned to the only orderly in the hangar and said, "Get the flyers!"

The orderly walked out and made his way toward a cave nearby. As he entered, Nighthawk slipped up to the entrance and looked inside. "What luck," he exclaimed, "the whole Nazi gang is here." Quickly he looked around and saw a huge boulder. He rolled it over to the entrance of the cave and sealed the Nazis inside.

Nighthawk turned and raced to the hangar. A well aimed blow easily took care of the commander.

As soon as Jane could catch her breath, she asked, "How were you able to follow us?"

"Well," grinned Nighthawk, "when you wrote Good Luck you used lipstick. When the planes took off, the motor got hot and slowly melted the lipstick which left a trail for me to follow."

"Well, I must go after the Green Skull," and with that he raced into the woods.

THE END

SERGEANT BELL



HER ENGINES BROKEN BY A MURDEROUS SABOTEUR ON BOARD, A HELPLESS FREIGHTER, WITH A LOAD OF REFUGEES, LIES AT THE MERCY OF A U. BOAT. ONLY THE THICK FOG SEPARATES THE CREW AND PASSENGERS FROM A DEADLY TORPEDO. WITH ALL THIS STACKED AGAINST HIM, SERGEANT BELL PLUNGES FEARLESSLY INTO THE STRUGGLE.

AT THE FLIGHT COMMANDER'S OFFICE AT AN R. A. F. BASE.



"SOS" FROM A BOAT LOAD OF REFUGEES ON THE HIGH SEAS. THEIR ENGINES BEEN SABOTAGED, THE MECHANICS KILLED AND A SUB'S ON THEIR TRAIL

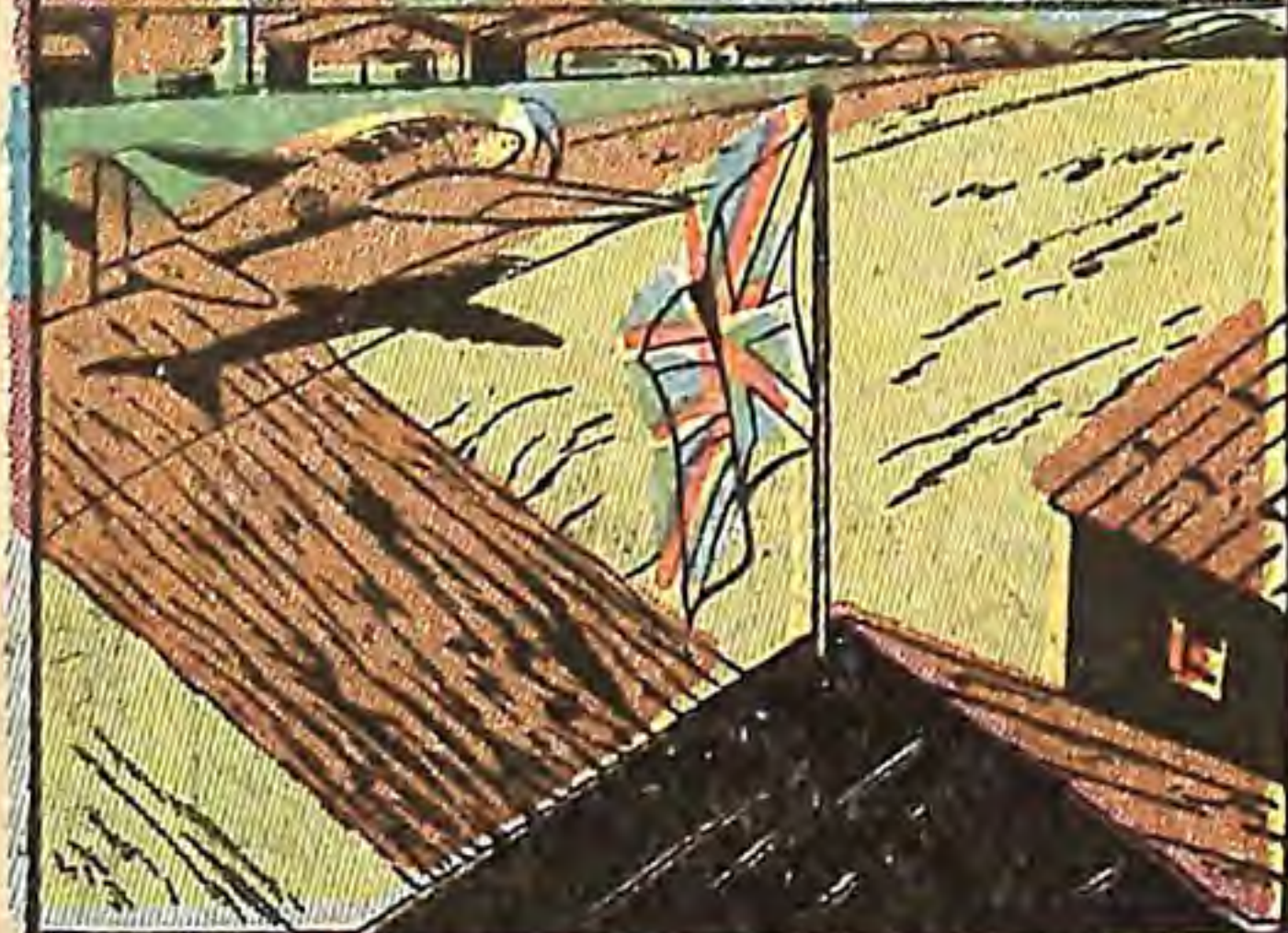
WITH THE FOG OUT THERE, THEY'LL NEVER BE SPOTTED.



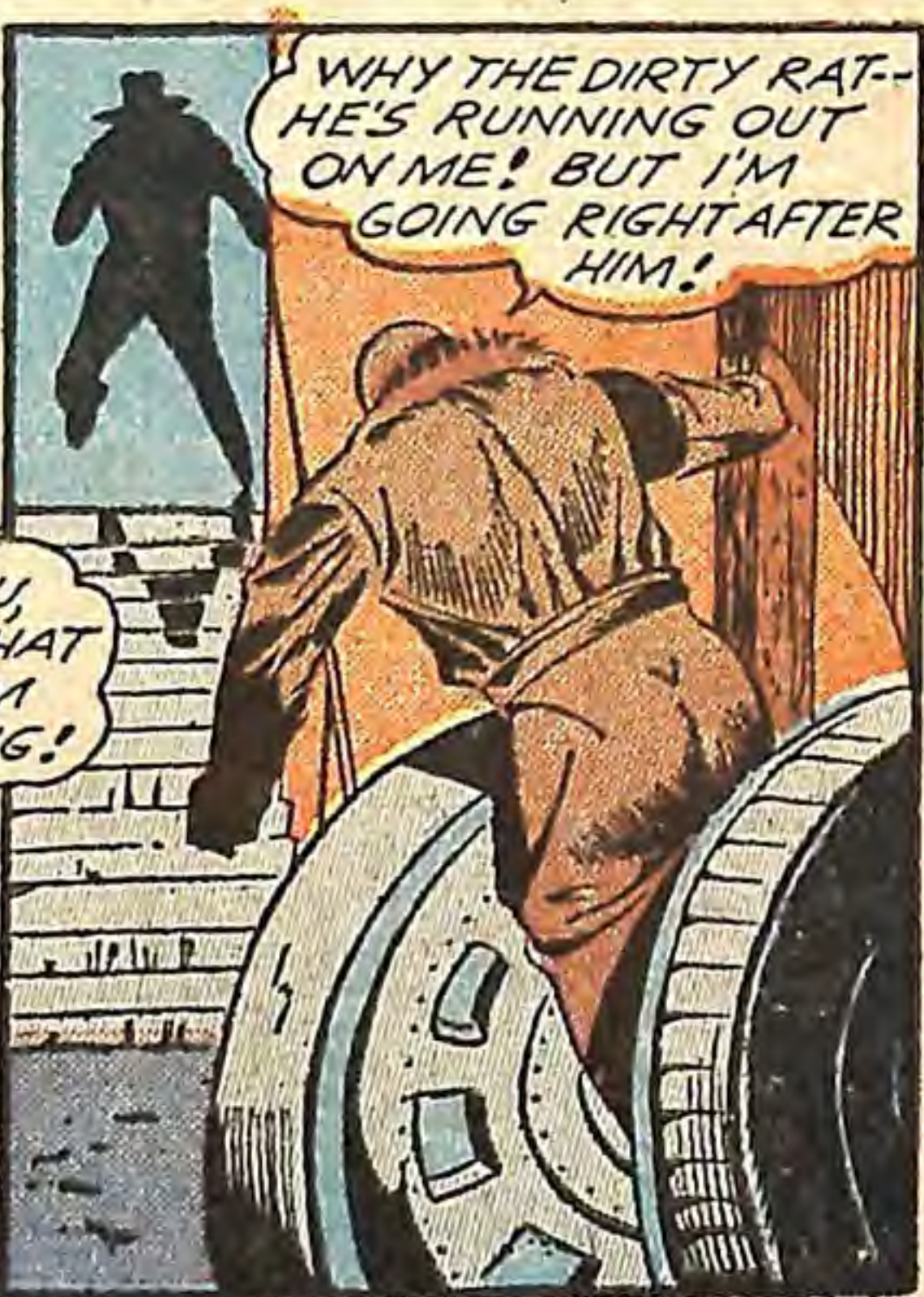
PLANES WOULD ATTRACT THE U. BOAT AND THEY WOULD SINK HER! YOU'RE AN ENGINEER, BELL, SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET ON BOARD SOMEHOW. WITH HER ENGINES REPAIRED, THEY MIGHT GIVE THE SUB THE SLIP.

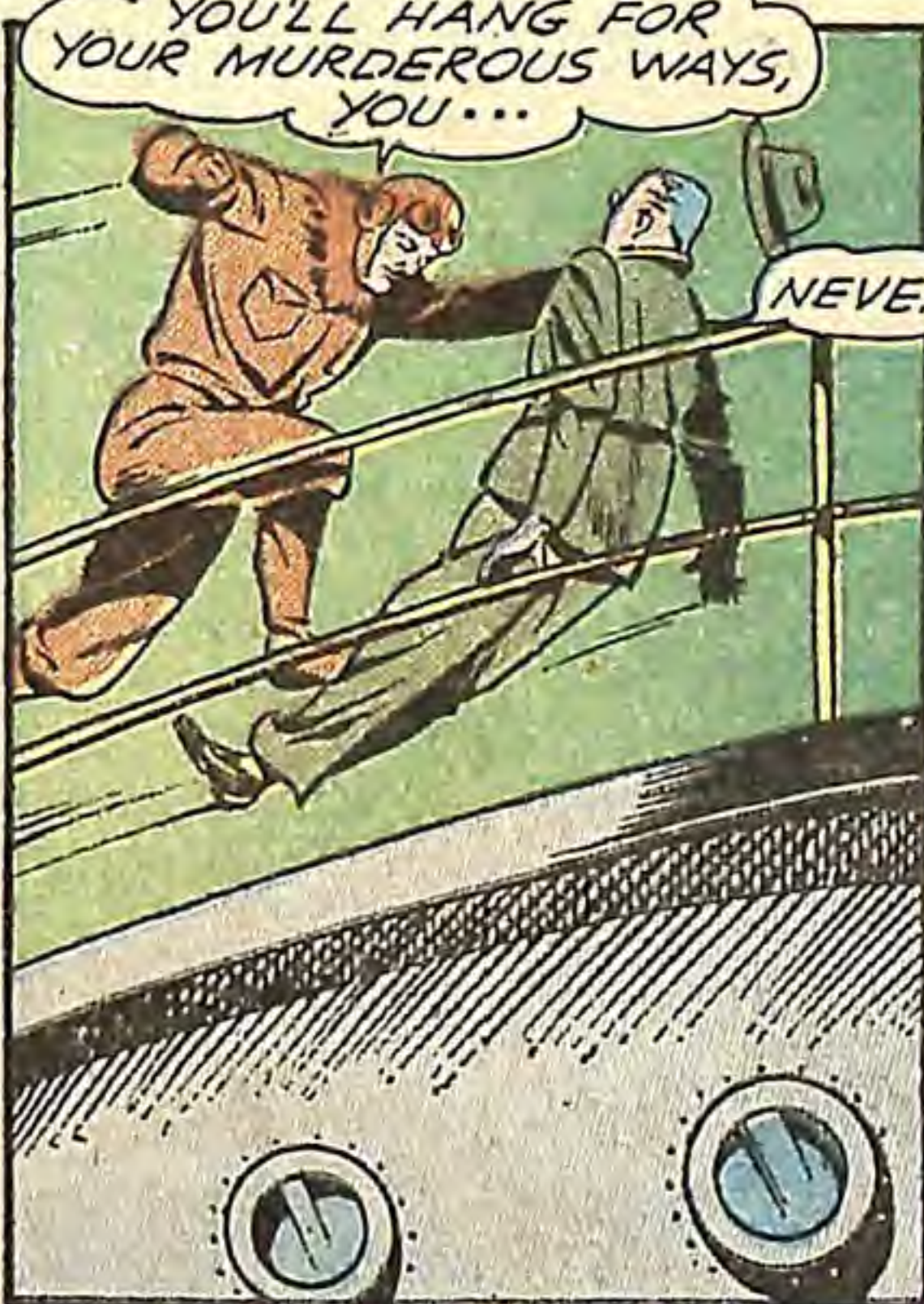
I'LL DO ALL I CAN, SIR!

HAVING SECURED THE APPROXIMATE LOCATION, SERGEANT BELL SPEEDS ON HIS ERRAND OF MERCY.











IT'S TRUE! KRANT WAS BEHIND IT ALL. I FOUND THE BEAM IN HIS CLOSET AND I SMASHED IT.

CAP, I WONDERED WHERE YOU WENT.

BY NOW THE NAZIS KNOW OUR POSITION WELL.

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WE'LL GO UP ON DECK.



ON DECK, A FRANTIC PEOPLE PLEAD IN VAIN.

WE KNOW IT ALL NOW, WE'RE DOOMED!

THEY'RE RIGHT-WHAT CAN WE DO?



SUMMON THE CREW, CAP!

AS YOU SAY. ALL HANDS ON DECK!



SERGEANT BELL ISSUES STRANGE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE BEWILDERED CREW.

AS LONG AS THE FOG REMAINS, WE CAN'T BE SPOTTED BY THE U. BOAT. SCATTER AROUND THE DECK AND WATCH FOR THE PERISCOPE. WHEN YOU SEE IT, YELL!



DESPITE THEIR GRUMBLING, THE CREW HASTENS TO OBEY!

SOUNDS SCREWY, TO ME!

IF HE GETS US OUT OF HERE, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.



GOOD--NOW UP TO THE BRIDGE!

HANDLE THAT JAR WITH CARE, IT'S LOADED WITH T. N. T.



MAKE THAT ROPE TIGHT, SO I DON'T SLIP THROUGH!

BEING TIED TO THE MAST ROPE--WITH A JAR OF T. N. T. I, DON'T GET IT!



WHEN YOU SIGHT THE SUB--SHOVE ME OFF THE DECK! EITHER WE GET THE SUB OR THE SUB GETS US!

A CRAZY SCHEME, BUT GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT!

TENSE MOMENTS, ANXIOUS MINUTES ROLL BY AS STRAINED EYES SCAN THE SEA, WATCHING FOR A BREAK IN THE FOG.



ANY MINUTE NOW.

SUDDENLY, THE HEAVY MIST RISES SLOWLY REVEALING THE OMINOUS PERISCOPE.



NO SOONER DOES THE WARNING DIE DOWN, WHEN THE MEN ON THE UPPER DECK ACT.



PERISCOPE TO THE STARBOARD!



FROM A PLANE TO THIS ... AM I SLIPPING.



A PRESENT FOR YOU BABIES, IF YOU DON'T GET US FIRST!

A VIOLENT EXPLOSION THROWS BITS OF THE SHATTERED U. BOAT HIGH IN THE AIR.



ON SWAYING BACK TO THE FREIGHTER, THE SERGEANT IS GREETED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD.



WE'RE SAVED HE DID IT!

HOORAY FOR THE R.A.F.!



IT'S AN R.A.F. PLANE!

THEY'VE COME FOR ME, CAPTAIN. YOUR ENGINES ARE OKAY NOW. BON VOYAGE AND STAY OUT OF THE SUB LANES!

WITH MEN LIKE YOU IN THE R.A.F. THEY'LL STAY OUT OF OUR WAY!



TENDERFEET

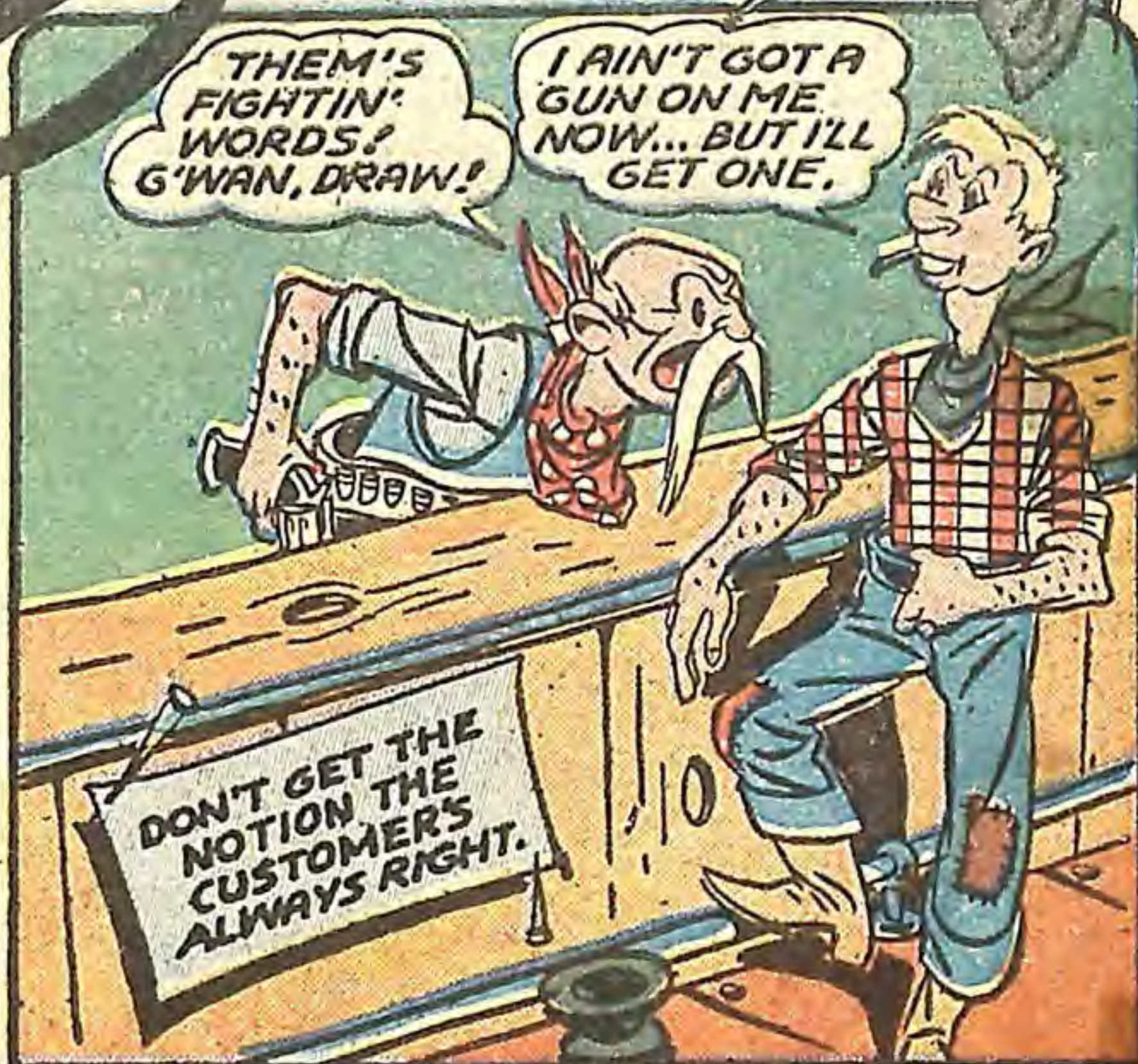
HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE N. Y.



ONE JIGGER
OF MILK,
PLEASE.

WHUT ???!

"I THINK I'LL GET A DRINK," SAID JOE,
SO TO THE BAR HE WENT.
"I WANT A GREAT BIG GLASS OF MILK-
I'LL HELP YOU PAY YOUR RENT."



THEM'S
FIGHTIN'
WORDS!
G'WAN, DRAW!

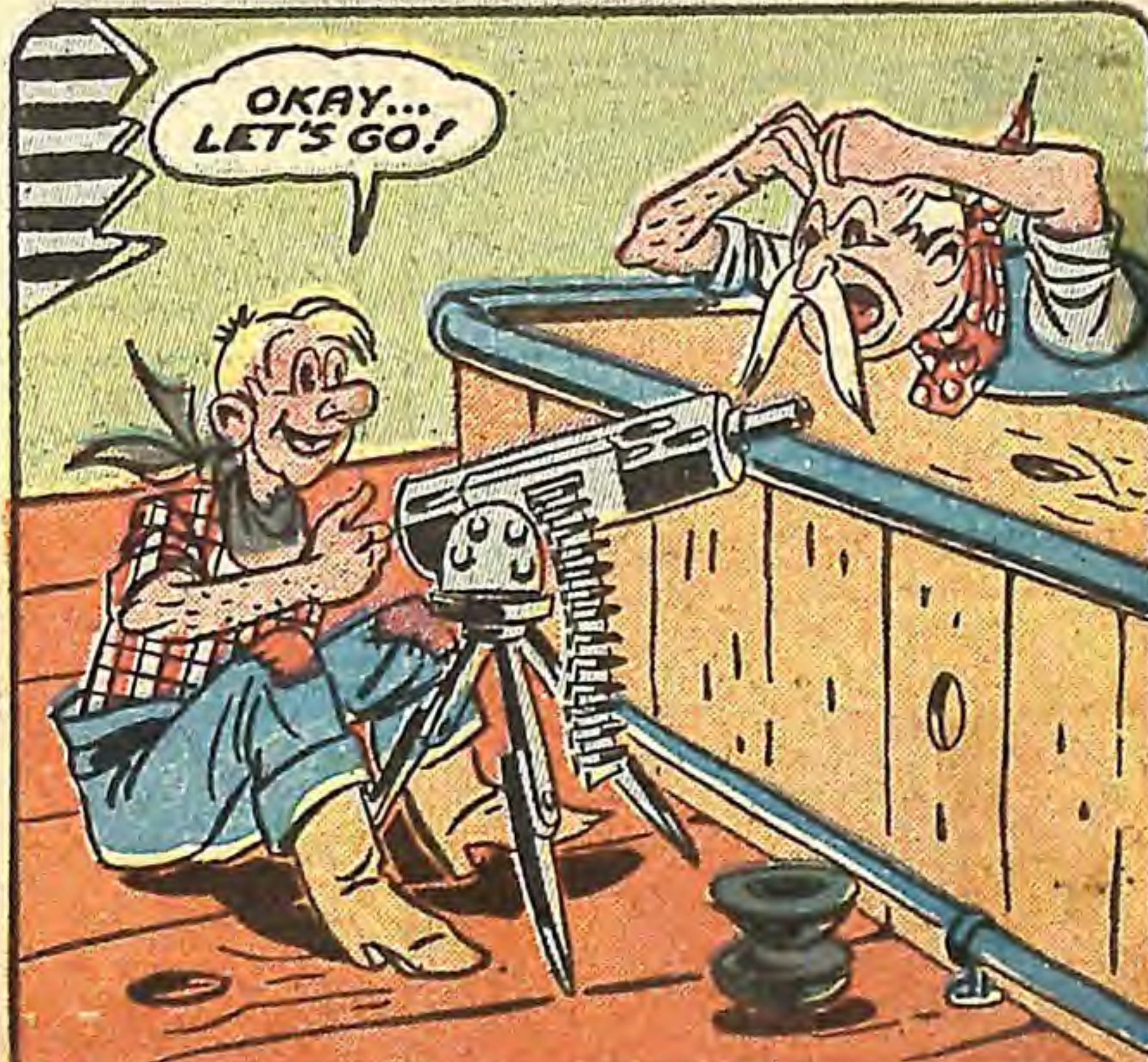
I AIN'T GOT A
GUN ON ME
NOW... BUT I'LL
GET ONE.

"YUH DON'T GET MILK IN HEAH, YUH DOPE-
YO'RE TRYIN' TUH BE SMART!
REACH FO' YER GUN, YUH SAWED-OFF SWINE-
I'LL SHOOT YUH THRU TH' HEART!"



HOPE MY FRIEND IS
STILL IN THIS CAMP!

"OKAY," SAID JOE, "I'LL BE RIGHT BACK."
AND THEN HE RUSHED AWAY.
HE WENT DOWN TO THE ARMY CAMP
TO GET SET FOR THE FRAY.



OKAY...
LET'S GO!

WHEN HE RETURNED HE WORE A SMILE -
HE DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE.
THEN HE SET UP A TOMMY GUN
AND SAID, "SHOOT... IF YOU DARE!"

WHAT!! NO
KING KOLA?

GET THE
HAPPY-PACK
&
BOTTLES
25c

IN THE BIG 12-OZ. BOTTLE 5c
2 FULL GLASSES
AT ALL THIRST-AID STATIONS

FIRST for THIRST
King Kola
SODA-LICIOUS



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PLUS-8
SPECIALS

FEATURING
DYNAMIC MAN
and
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